LATEST WAR NEWS.

The Post

Sunday Special

1/2D 2/-

NO. 482. SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1914. [REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.]

ATTACKS ON ALLIES

BY DAY AND NIGHT.

RUSSIAN FLEET'S SUCCESS.

BRITISH CAPTURE TURKISH POST.

In the Western theatre of war the Germans are being foiled at every point.

Desperate attacks have been met by wonderful valour on the part of the Allied forces, who are fighting with splendid elan.

To the south-east of Ypres the British and French forces have assumed the offensive, and have defeated a particularly violent attack carried out by the army corps which the Germans have recently brought into this region.

Between Armentieres and La Bassee Canal the British Army have also repulsed a violent attack directed against Neave Chapelle. Night and day attacks between La Bassee Canal and Arras have been checked. An attempted surprise by the enemy against the heights which dominate the Col de Ste Marie failed completely.

The German losses in West Belgium have been terrific, and the gaps in the ranks cannot be filled owing to the lack of reserves. The German positions have been rendered untenable. The overwhelming fire of the Allies frequently compelled them to change their positions, but the French and British aviators quickly detected every fresh movement. The effect of the British and French shells was terrific. The order to retreat a few kilometres caused considerable depression among the German troops. 150,000 Germans are leaving Muenster for Belgium this week.

An official Russian message states that their Black Sea Fleet bombarded Songul Dak, sinking four Turkish transports, three of which were laden with stores and munitions, while the fourth had troops on board.

It is officially announced that Tsingtau has surrendered. The Japanese and British infantry captured the middle fort by a dashing charge. Japan, it is stated from Tokio, will hold the captured territory while the war lasts, and then will open negotiations with China.

After three weeks' fighting the Austrians are retreating before the Russians in Galicia. The Austrians have sustained heavy loss.

It is officially stated that between October 23 and November 4 the Russians captured nearly 20,000 of the enemy, three howitzers, forty cannon, and thirty-eight mitrailleuses, besides large quantities of military stores.

A successful operation against Fao, in the Persian Gulf, has been carried out by a military force from India, supported by a Naval Brigade. The Turkish guns were silenced after an hour's resistance and the town occupied.

Active measures are being taken against the South African rebels. De Wet with a large force has destroyed the railway in the vicinity of Lindberg, while Harrismith has been entered and partly looted.

KIRKINTILLOCH RIVER MYSTERY.

POLICE INQUIRES INTO IRON DRESSER'S FATE.

Kirkintilloch, Saturday Night.

Kirkintilloch police are still engaged trying to solve the mystery of the death of Robert Mackay, an iron dresser, who was found drowned in the Kelvin on Wednesday.

It is reported that he was last seen on the bank of the canal.

A man who on Sunday passed the place where the body was found decidedly states there was no body there on that day.

BRITISH AND FRENCH TROOPS

COMBINE IN ATTACK ON GERMANS.

KAISER'S SOLDIERS DISGUISED AS WOMEN POTATO-PICKERS.

Paris, Saturday.

The official communique issued this evening says:—

On our left wing there is relative tranquility.

On the Yser below Dixmude, the Belgian troops, which had advanced along the right bank of the Yser, from Nieuport to Lombaertzyde, and had been counter attacked by the Germans, were able to be supported in good time. The situation is completely restored on that side.

At Dixmude the Marines repelled a new counter offensive movement.

Further south the enemy's attacks around Bixschoote have also been repulsed by the French troops, who then progressed forward.

East of Ypres there is no change in the situation.

To the south-east of this town we have once more assumed the offensive in conjunction with the British troops, who are operating in that district, and have defeated a particularly violent attack, carried out by elements belonging to the active army corps, which Germans have recently brought into this region.

Between Armentieres and La Bassee Canal the British Army has also repulsed a violent attack directed against Neave Chapelle.

Between La Bassee Canal and Arras and between Arras and the Oise several counter attacks by day and by night have been checked.

We have even made slight progress in the region of Vermeilles and south of Aix Noulette.

In the centre in the region of Voilly we continued during yesterday to regain the ground recently lost.

In the Argonne fresh attacks by the enemy have been repelled, and at the end of the day our troops had made progress at several points.

To the north-east of Verdun we occupied the villages of Haucourt and Nogeville.

In the wooded region on the heights of the Meuse to the south-east of Verdun, and in the Forest of Apremont, to the south-east of St Mihiel, the enemy's offensive has failed.

A few trenches have been carried by us in the neighbourhood of St Remy.

On our right wing the attacks of the Germans on the approaches of the Grand Couronne de Nancy have resulted in considerable losses to the enemy

An attempted surprise by him against the heights which dominate the Col de Ste Marie failed completely.—P.A. War Special.

MORE TRENCHES CAPTURED.

Paris, Saturday Night.

The following official statement was issued at 11 p.m.:—

During the day the activity of the Germans has been general on the whole, but all their attacks have been repulsed, especially those which they directed on Cambrinaix, Noulette, Quesnoy En-Santerre.

We have taken some trenches in the region of the thiepval to the north of Albert, reoccupied our former trenches to the north-east of Vailly, and carried at the point of the bayonet the village of Saint Remi in the heights of the Meuse.

DEFEATS IN POLAND

Lead to Withdrawal of German Troops.

Havre, Saturday.

The official Belgian communique issued here to-day says:—

On the Yser the situation has undergone no modification.

The enemy still has its posts on the left bank of the river, but confines itself to a very feeble bombardment of the railway line in the vicinity of Ramskapelle.

The repeated defeats of the German armies in Poland appear to have caused the withdrawal on the part of the enemy's troops who have been fighting in Belgium.

The departure towards the east is reported, notably of troops who were seen on the road from Bruges, marching towards Ghent, Brussels, and Louvain.—Reuter.

GERMANS CLAIM TO HAVE CAPTURED

1000 French and Three Machine Guns.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

An official telegram received in Berlin from General Headquarters to-day says:—

Our attacks in the direction of Ypres again progressed favourably yesterday, especially to south-east of Ypres.

We have captured over a thousand French soldiers and three machine guns.

French attacks to west of Noyan and also on Vailly and Chavanne have been repulsed with severe losses for the enemy.

The village of Sonpir, which has been defended by a small German force, and the west part of Sapioneul, which was heavily bombarded by the French artillery, have been evacuated by us.

The French have been repulsed, and in the Argonne the French have been forced back.—Reuter.

GERMANS DISGUISED AS WOMEN.

A RUSE FRUSTRATED.

Paris, Saturday Night.

The following note is appended to the communique:—

It is interesting to note that one of the latest ruses of the Germans is to disguise themselves as women. It was in this manner in the region of Senones that Teuton soldiers, disguised, went out to pick potatoes in a field, and in the neighbourhood of a place called Trois Maisonne a convoy was escorted by a detachment which appeared to consist of females.

But these ruses were discovered, and were frustrated by our troops, who opened fire on the disguised enemy, who scampered off in great haste, their Grenadier boots being seen beneath their petticoats.

In the course of yesterday numbers of prisoners were taken along the whole of the front, including entire units.

In the region of Lens, where the fog was intense, two German detachments took advantage of it, and surrendered voluntarily. One of them consisted of an officer, three N.C.O.'s, and fifty men. They declare that they are tired of fatigue work and continual privation, and are confident that they will be well treated by the French.

GERMANS CONCEAL THEIR LOSSES.

Fine Work by French and British Aviators.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A telegram received by the Niewe Rotterdamscuhe Courant from its correspondent at Terneuzen states the German losses in West Belgium have been terrific, and the gaps in the ranks cannot be filled owing to the lack of reserves. The Germans, adds the correspondent, are carefully concealing their losses. Wounded are being conveyed to Ghent, Antwerp, Brussels, Louvain, and Aix-la-Chapelle At Ghent and Roulers the hospitals are crowded, and the dead are being buried at night.

The writer was an eye-witness of the battle south of Roulers, which went against the Germans, whose positions were untenable. The overwhelming fire of the Allies frequently compelled them to change their positions, but the French and British aviators quickly detected every fresh position. The aviators were fired at, and were pursued by armed motor cars, but without success.

The effect of the British and French shells was terrific, very few of them failing to explode. One of the German batteries, only ten minutes after taking up a fresh position, had already had half of its guns silenced, and three-quarters of its men killed.

The village of Westrozelbette suffered terribly. None of the inhabitants remained in the village.

On returning from the battlefield the correspondent was arrested. He noticed on the next day, when an order to retreat a few kilometres was received, that it caused considerable depression among the troops.

On November 6 the staff of the division moved from Thielt to Ghent. Originally the Germans had been digging trenches in the rear in order to prepare their retreat, but this had to be abandoned, as all the available troops had to be brought up to the firing line. Troops from the left have been brought to reinforce the right, and now the troops who have already fought near Sedan are in West Flanders.—P.A. War Special.

DARING FRENCH AIRMAN

BLOWS UP BRIDGE WITH BOMBS.

Great Slaughter of Germans.

In a remarkable action fought at Sampigny and Pont L'Eveque villages, on either bank of the Oise, commanding routes to Chaulnes and Peronne, a German success was completely neutralised by the brilliant action of a French airman, who arrived on the scene at a critical moment, and blew up the bridge.

The Germans attacked in force early in the day. The French defended the position with a regiment of infantry, a squadron of Hussars, and a cyclist machine gun section. Under heavy artillery fire the French were forced to abandon their trenches and retire across the bridge. They hastily barricaded the village, and prepared to defend the position at all costs.

Cyclists Hold the Bridge.

For twenty minutes the cyclist section held the passage of the bridge with their machine gun under a withering fire from opposing machine guns and rifle fire. But they were forced to retreat, and there was nothing to stop the Germans, who poured in a flood over the bridge and into the village.

At this moment a French aeroplane appeared overhead, and at a daringly low elevation. The French, fighting desperately in the village, cheered with joy as explosion after explosion followed. The bridge, still cumbered with dead and living Germans, crumpled up and fell into the Oise, cutting the German force in half.

Thrust Into River.

At the same time the anxiously-waited French reinforcements arrived, headed by Zouaves. With irresistible fury these soldiers fell on the disordered German force, cut, thrust, and shot and drove them back into the river.

The Germans on the other side tried in vain to help their trapped comrades, who included at least 1000 infantrymen and squadrons of Uhlans. Not only did the French cut this body to pieces, but after throwing a pontoon bridge across the Oise they attacked with equal fury the remnants of the German force, after which, joining with the troops coming from Saint Crepin, Auxbois, and Offremont, they engaged the enemy again, and took the Racy Lo Val.

There has probably been no more striking example in the war of the value of aeroplane work at a critical moment.

SPY AS RED CROSS NURSE

Tries to Obtain Army Secrets.

Paris, Saturday.

A Court-Martial sentenced a German woman named Juliete Jablouckx, posing as a medical doctor and dressed as a Red Cross nurse, to two years' imprisonment for seeking information from officers regarding the French plans.

BRITISH SUCCESS

IN ATTACK ON TURKS

IN PERSIAN GULF.

The Secretary of the Admiralty announces that a successful operation against Fao, at the mouth of the Shatt-el-Arab, Persian Gulf, has been conducted by a military force from India, covered by H.M. ship Odin (Commander Cathcart R. Wason), the armed launch Sirdar, a force of Marines, with a maxim gun party, and a boat from the ocean.

The enemy's guns were silenced after an hour's resistance, and the town was occupied by the troops and the Naval Brigade. There were no naval casualties.

It is expected that no further opposition will be met with below Fao.

The Odin, which figured in the smart action in the Persian Gulf, is described as a sloop of 1070 tons.

The commander is Cathcart R. Wason. The Odin has been engaged in service in the East, and the armament carried consists of four 4-in. guns and four 3-pounders.

"A BRILLIANT ISSUE."

JAPAN AND THE BRITISH FLEETS' ACTION.

The Secretary of the Admiralty announces that the following telegrams have been exchanged between the Board of Admiralty and the Japanese Minister of Marine:—

"The Board of Admiralty send their heartiest congratulations to the gallant army and navy of Japan on the prosperous and brilliant issue of the operations which have resulted in the fall of Tsingtau."

"I fully share with you in the felicitations on the fall of Tsingtau. It affords me great pleasure to assure you that the outcome of the efforts of the navy of our Allies in co-operation with that of ours during the investment of Tsingtau was splendid. (Signed) Minister of Marine, Tokio.

BRITISH GUN FIRE

Wrecks Dardanelles Forts.

Athens, Saturday.

An American ship which lay within the entrance of the Dardanelles reported on leaving to the British admiral that the forts on either side had been completely demolished by our bombardment.

LEITH CREW'S ESCAPE

From Vessel on Rocks Near Bervie.

Yesterday morning, while the small motor boats from Gourdon were proceeding to the fishing grounds, one of them, the Mizpah, observed what seemed to be a vessel in a sinking condition.

James Barr, the skipper, at once went to her assistance, and found she was the s.s. Gargoyle, belonging to Leith.

The vessel was on a voyage from Aberdeen to Leith with granite blocks, and in the early morning touched the rocks between Todhead and Bervie Brow.

When picked up she was towed into the harbour. Part of the crew left her, taking to their small boats, and all arrived safe in the harbour. By the time they reached the harbour the vessel was well under water and was caught just in time.

WOUNDED SOLDIERS CHEERED

BY VISIT OF KING AND QUEEN,

Who Chat With Suffering Patients.

The King and Queen yesterday afternoon paid visits to St Bartholomew's Hospital and to the Fishmongers' Hall Hospital. At the latter they were received by Lady Dimsdale, by the matron, and by Dr Mackenzie Wallace, the resident medical officer. The Fishmongers' Hall has accommodation for only twenty-five wounded, and at the time of the King's visit there were but twenty-two inmates, three having been discharged that morning.

There are a few very serious cases, but they are going on well.

King Chats With Wounded.

Their Majesties visited every cubicle, spoke to each patient, and inspected the operating theatre, clinical department, and the various other departments of the hospital, and on leaving they expressed to Lady Dimsdale their great satisfaction with all the arrangements made for the treatment and comfort of the wounded.

Their Majesties made a similarly detailed visit to all the wounded at St Bartholomew's.

The visit to St Bartholomew's was a prolonged one, and the King and Queen visited every patient both British and Belgian. Amongst the wounded were some who were only admitted to the institution the previous day. The gracious and sympathetic inquiries made by Their Majesties were much appreciated by all the sufferers.

The King and Queen were received at the hospital by Lord Sandhurst, the president, and by the treasurer, and other representatives of the institution.

AFRICAN CHIEF'S OFFER

Accepted for Prince's Fund.

The Press Bureau yesterday afternoon issued the following:—

The Secretary of State for the Colonies has been informed by the High Commissioner for South Africa that Lewanika, the Paramount Chief of the Barotse in Northern Rhodesia, has offered the sum of £200 to His Majesty's Government as a war contribution.

The offer has been gratefully accepted, and it is proposed to contribute the sum to the Prince of Wales' National Relief Fund.

TURKISH TRANSPORTS SUNK.

RUSSIAN SUCCESS ON SEA AND LAND.

ENORMOUS HAUL OF PRISONERS AND HOWITZERS.

Petrograd, Saturday Night.

The following communique is issued from Great Headquarters to-day:—

On the East Prussian front the Russian troops are developing with success their offensive movement in the region of the Romienten Woods and Lyck.

The German rearguard which was driven out by us from Mlava on November 4 suffered heavy losses.

On the other side of the Vistula the enemy has continued to fall back, and a German column passed through Czenstochowa in a westerly direction.

In the Black Sea our fleet has bombarded Songuldak, sinking four Turkish transports, three of which were laden with stores and munitions, and the fourth appearing to have troops on board.

It is officially announced that during the battle fought between October 23 and November 4 on the front between Thorn and Cracow the left wing of the Russian Army captured 274 officers and 18,500 men. In addition the captures include three howitzers, forty cannons, thirty-eight mitrailleuses, and large numbers of shells, arms, and ammunition.

RUSSIAN FLEET IN ACTION.

TURKISH TOWNS BOMBARDED.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The following communique from the Turkish Chief Headquarters was issued yesterday in Constantinople:—

Yesterday the Russion Army showed no activity (excision here).

This morning the Russian Fleet bombarded for two hours Songuldak and Koslu, on the Black Sea coast.

At Koslu the Greek steamer Vikos, 648 tons, was sunk while at Songuldak. The French Church and Consulate and two houses in the French quarter were destroyed. No other damage was done.

ACTION ON THE WARTHE.

GERMANS CLAIM VICTORY OVER INVADING CAVALRY.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

A Berlin official telegram states that news has been received from Great Headquarters that in the eastern theatre of war three Russian division of cavalry, which had crossed the Warthe above Kolo, have been defeated and driven back across the river.

In other parts no encounters have taken place.

TURKISH ARMY DISPERSED

TRIUMPHAL ADVANCE OF CZAR'S FORCES.

Rome, Saturday.

An official telegram from Petrograd states that the entire region to the north-east of Erzerum has been occupied by the Russians, and the Turkish Army in that region no longer exists.

The last three Turkish regiments after being defeated threw down their arms and dispersed in all directions.

The population is giving the Russian troops a triumphal reception.

The Russian Fleet bombarded for two hours the Turkish Black Sea ports of Songuldak and Kuzlu.

TURKS FLY BEFORE RUSSIAN ARMY.

Tiflis.

A communique issued by the staff of the army of the Caucasus reports that certain Kurd regiments, supported by Nizam infantry and bodies or armed civilians, began an offensive in the region north-east of Kara Kilissa and Alaschkerd.

The Turks were repulsed with heavy loss.

Russians continue to pursue the routed troops, and the valley districts of Passin, Diadin, and Bajazet have been occupied by our troops. The Kurdish troops have been partly exterminated and partly dispersed.

BERLIN OVATION FOR TURKISH SOLDIERS.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

Yesterday the troops in Berlin who are leaving for the front displayed their Turcophile sentiments in an unmistakable manner.

A crowd was escorting the soldiers to the railway station, when suddenly three motor cars appeared filled with Young Turks.

The public and soldiers accorded the Turks a regular ovation, and covered the car with flowers. The Turks later left to join the war in their own country.—P.A. War Special.

GENERAL RETREAT OF AUSTRIANS

After Three Weeks' Fighting With Russians.

Petrograd.

The General Staff issues the following account of the operations in Galicia:—

Violent fighting, which has been going on more than three weeks, culminated in the general retreat of the Austrians.

The Austrians attempted a final effort to beat back our troops, who were engaged in crossing the River San. Down to a late hour at night the enemy pushed forward his offensive in wide, successive waves, but was everywhere repulsed with heavy loss.

Next day the Austrians began the movement on the San in the direction of the Dukla passes over the Carpathians. South of Przemysl the enemy is everywhere endeavouring to withdraw from the firing line, and is being energetically pushed along the entire front.

The withdrawal of the principal Austrian forces from the San is the result of a victorious battle which began in the end of September, the original object of which was to repel the Austro-German offensive against Warsaw and Ivangorod.

Towards the beginning of October our troops were engaged on a battle front 500 versts wide, notably on the line running through Warsaw, Cosenice, Przemysl, and Czernowice.

On 20th October we obtained a decided success against the Germans on the left bank of the Vistula in the neighbourhood of Warsaw. That is to say on the right wing of our general strategic front.

The object of our subsequent offensive was to strike from northward the enemy's front, which continued to be maintained on the Vistula and the San.

In the fighting from 23d October to 27th October we broke down the resistance of the Austro-German Army, which was fighting stubbornly in the region of Kosenice and Ivangorod.

Threatened with having its flank turned beyond Pilitza this army fell back, pursued by our troops.

Between 28th October and 2d November we overcame the enemy's resistance in the right of Alexandria and Sandomir, and on 5th November the principal Austrian forces in Galicia were forced to retreat. Developing over a period of eighteen days our successes along the front of 500 versts we broke down the resistance of the enemy, who is now in general retreat.

We owe this victory to the inexhaustible goodness of God, who has blessed the superhuman heroism of our warriors, of whom Russia has a right to be proud.

This victory will allow our troops to proceed to the realisation of fresh tasks, which will inaugurate a new period of hostilities.—P.A. War Special.

AUSTRIANS' UTTER ROUT.

ATTACK ON PRZEMYSL RENEWED.

The Russian Embassy announces that the battle on the San has terminated in an enormous debacle for the Austrians. Two hundred guns, 40,000 rifles, and six trains have fallen into the hands of the Russians.

Fully 5000 prisoners were taken at Jaroslav alone, and 25,000 more during the Austrian battle.

The Austrians are retiring on Cracow.

The attack of the Russian troops on Przemysl has been resumed with extreme violence.

AUSTRIAN VIEW.

Amsterdam.

An official Vienna telegram received via Berlin says that in Russian Poland and Galacia our movements of troops proceeded as intended without being interrupted by the Russians.

If the Russians in some parts of the war theatre, in spite of our good position, are occupying places which we a short time ago reconquered this is compensated for by the general situation.

VIENNA ALARMED.

Venice, Friday.

The news of the action of the military authorities at Cracow in forbidding any further return of refugees has created a most unfavourable impression in Vienna, where it is taken to indicate an apprehension of Russian advance.

Despite the threats of the police and the severe sentences imposed by the Courts upon persons disseminating pessimistic war news, the most alarming reports continue to circulate throughout the city.

The police are now employing an army of private spies, and in consequence hundreds of prisoners are being arrested, chiefly on account of unguarded talk in cafes and restaurants, where they are accused of spreading false news or of expressing friendly feelings towards the enemy.

The majority are sentenced to imprisonment varying from a week to six months, with hard labour.

The military authorities are rushing the work of erecting fortifications along the Istrian coast. No single point of any importance between Poland and Trieste is left unprotected and extensive entrenchments are also being carried inland behind Trieste.—P.A. War Special.

AUSTRIAN BOMB-DROPPING AEROPLANES.

Cettinje, Saturday.

Two Austrian aeroplanes yesterday paid another visit to Antwari, and dropped bombs on the town.

An Italian building was seriously damaged, and several trucks in the railway station were destroyed. Three persons were wounded.

150,000 MORE GERMANS FOR BELGIUM.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Telegraaf says 150,000 Germans are leaving Muenster for Belgium next week.—P.A. War Special.

BRITISH AVIATOR'S 1000 FEET PLUNGE

When Machine Goes on Fire in Mid-Air.

Aldershot Saturday.

At Aldershot to-day a jury inquired into the fatal flying accident to Edward Busk, who was employed in the testing department of the aircraft factory.

A verdict of accidental death was returned, and the opinion was expressed that the death of Busk was a loss to the country.

Mr Heckstall Smeth, assistant superintendend at the aircraft factory, said the accident was due probably to the engine backfiring. The engine had been adopted as the standard factory type after many months' exhaustive experiment.

Another witness said the deceased was about 1000 feet up when a small light appeared in the fore part of the aeroplane, developing into a fierce flame. The machine glided to within three hundred yards of the earth and then fell.

WHAT JAPAN WILL DO

WITH CAPTURED GERMAN TERRITORY.

SCENE AT FALL OF TSINGTAU FORT.

Tokio, Saturday.

Enthusiastic scenes are taking place in Tokio following the official news that the strong fort of Tsingtau held by the Germans in China has surrendered to the Japanese and British forces after a terrific bombardment.

The quick capitulation of the fortress aroused much enthusiasm among the attacking force and also in Tokio

The surrender was preceded by a terrific bombardment of the German forts, after which the Japanese and British infantry made a brilliant charge, and captured the middle fort in the first line of defence. During this splendid attack the Allies made 200 prisoners.

The charge against the central fort was led by General Yochimi Yamada at the head of some companies of Engineers.

FUTURE OF TSINGTAU.

Tokio, Saturday.

Baron Suzuti, speaking on the future of Tsingtau, said, while this war lasts Tsingtau will be administered by Japan. On its conclusion Japan will open negotiations with China.

TERRIFIC HAIL OF SHELLS.

CLOSING SCENES IN SIEGE

Tokio, Saturday Evening.

The closing hours of the siege of Tsingtau and its fall are dramatically described in official report sent by Admiral Kato to the Japanese Government.

The report says—After the capture of the central forts the left wing of the attacking force advanced and occupied Chan Shan.

Chan Shan formed the base of the right wing of the German line of defence.

Meanwhile, other forces captured the forts of the first line at the point of the bayonet, and dangerous defence work connecting forts. Other forces advanced on the main line of Ilis, Bismarck, and Moltke Forts

Suddenly the flag of surrender was run up in the breeze on the observatory, which stands on a hill towering above land and sea.

The report goes on to say that during the last two days of the fighting warships continued to shower terrific hail of shells on the fortress and city from the east and from the south, inflicting tremendous havoc and damage. The Taisi Chen Fort appeared to blow up.

Further details of the fighting at Tsingtau show that the Germans made desperate efforts to repair the damage done to their batteries, but that the Japanese shells killed the men at work and demolished the batteries anew.

It is thought the capitulation of the fort was hastened by stopping the smuggling of provisions from the Ling Chan coast.

UNION JACK HAS PLACE

IN REJOICINGS AT TOKIO.

Tokio, Saturday.

There are general rejoicings throughout Japan at the fall of Tsingtau.

Many congratulatory calls have been made at the Ministers of Foreign Affairs, War, and Marine.

Tokio is decked out with flags, among which the Union Jack is prominent.

A lantern procession is being arranged to celebrate the occasion.

BRITISH OFFICERS WOUNDED

AT FINAL ASSAULT ON TSINGTAU.

Tokio, Saturday.

It is officially announced that the Japanese casualties in the final action at Tsingtau were thirty-six killed and 182 wounded. Two British officers were wounded. The Germans sent representatives to ask for terms of surrender at nine this morning, and the conference was subsequently held at Moltke Barracks.

A TROOP TRAIN DYNAMITED.

Mexico City, Saturday.

It is reported that a troop train has been dynamited by Zapatistas between the capital and Toluca. There has been no train service since yesterday, and the telephone and telegraph service has been put out of operation by General Zapatas' men. The report is not yet confirmed.

SERIOUS MOTOR ACCIDENT.

While motoring near Newmarket yesterday afternoon Mrs Fortescue, wife of Colonel Harry Fortescue, and aunt of Lord Howard De Walden, sustained a fractured limb owing to her motor car skidding. The other occupants of the car escaped with bruises.

JUDGE ON "TREATING" OF SOLDIERS.

Territorial Sentenced for Shooting Comrade.

Swansea, Saturday.

The sequel to the death of a Territorial by shooting at Port Talbot was heard at Swansea Assizes to-day, when Henry Crout, also a Territorial, was indicted for murder of a comrade named Philip Burrell.

The accused pleaded guilty to manslaughter, and was sentenced to six months' hard labour.

Mr Justice Lush denounced the treating of young men with alcoholic liquor as wicked and almost criminal. It was grossly against the interest of the State and wicked towards the men themselves.

FALL OF TSINGTAU WILL RELEASE

POWERFUL BRITISH NAVAL FORCE FOR SERVICE

IN THE PACIFIC AND INDIAN OCEANS.

(BY GUY L'ESTRANGE, THE WELL-KNOWN MILITARY EXPERT.)

London, Saturday Midnight.

The best news this week-end is the announcement that Tsingtau has fallen.

Its capitulation was, of course, almost a foregone conclusion, but the success of the Japanese and British forces in the Far East could hardly have come at a more welcome moment.

Prussian War Lords will no doubt dismiss their reverse in China as a local matter, which will not have any effect on the operations in the main theatres of war in Europe. To a certain extent, of course, this is true.

But the fall of Tsingtau relieves Great Britain of a rather pressing anxiety. It is known that the naval force that has been operating against the German base in the Far East is a very powerful one. These warships will now be available for service in the Bay of Bengal and Indian Ocean, and more particularly in the Pacific.

The presence of a powerful squadron off the West Coast of South America has become urgently necessary, in view of the ill fate which has attended the small and ill-assorted British fleet entrusted with the task of patrolling those waters.

But this is not all. The naval success which the Germans had achieved in the Pacific will compensate Berlin to some extent for the naval losses they have now sustained in China. But it must not be forgotten that two German cruisers of sorts, four gunboats, and two destroyers were known to be at Tsingtau when the investment of the fort by Japan commenced.

In an action with the main Japanese and British fleets in the Far East these vessels would have been even more hopelessly outclassed than were the Monmouth, the Good Hope, and the Glasgow in the Pacific.

The failure of the Admiralty to provide a really homogeneous squadron to look after British interests in this quarter of the world is not a subject which it is necessary or even desirable to enlarge upon now. But it is a matter which will assuredly call aloud for inquiry on some future occasion.

The Struggle in Flanders.

Whilst the record of events at sea continues to be somewhat chequered, it is possible to chronicle steady and uninterrupted progress on land. It would have been a mistake to expect any immediate and sensational developments as a result of the fierce fighting which has been taking place in Flanders.

But the German line is steadily weakening. We have it on the authority of our own Press Bureau that their attacks are decreasing in vigour, and that the progress of pressing them back is making slow but steady headway.

As was mentioned in this column last week, the German dash on Calais by way of the coast has definitely failed. The fiercest fighting during the past week has been on the line Dixmude-La Bassee, with Ypres as its salient. Ypres represents approximately the centre of the British lines, and the savage assault which the Germans have delivered against it has been represented in some quarters as an attempt to penetrate the Allied lines at that point. The operations, however, have represented something very much more considerable than this. The penetration of the Allied lines at Ypres would open up a new route to Calais, and incidentally threaten the Allied forces operating in the north. The German advance on this line would still have to penetrate the very strong line of resistance which the Allies could maintain along the river before they could reach Calais—a line which would have given the Allies their next defensive position if the German march along the coast had succeeded.

But the concentration of the German attack at Ypres is really a defensive movement, for no one realises more fully than the German commanders that offence offers the best defence. While thousands of men were being poured into the line Nieuport-Dixmude in the vain effort to reach by the coast road, the British forces were making steady progress at Ypres. So considerable was their advance that the Allied advances at this point threatens penetration of the German lines. The forcing back of this movement is essential, therefore, if the enemy is to maintain the present position. Happily there is no indication that the German counter offensive has met with any success. There has been fierce fighting in the villages surrounding Ypres, and notably at Messines.

But the latest report is that so far from the Allied lines giving ground, an actual advance has taken place, and has been particularly marked in the direction of Chelewelt, which lies some six or seven miles to the east of Ypres.

Wanted More Men.

The situation in the west, therefore, may be regarded as satisfactory, but no spectacular retreat of the German armies can be looked for until the Allies are thoroughly equipped for a sustained offensive. If the fighting in the west stood by itself there would be little prospects of much more than fluctuating successes at various points until the Allies were able to mass effectively superior numbers against the Germans, and to prosecute their advance under cover by a heavy artillery at least equal to that of the enemy. Indeed, guns are scarcely less important in modern warfare than big battalions, and they become more important still whenever a change is made from the defensive to an offensive. Fortunately the prospects are good in this respect. The French as well as ourselves have been turning out heavy artillery wholesale, as well as light machine guns, since the early days of the war. There is convincing testimony that the French 75's are the best mobile artillery in the field. This was known before the war started, and has been proved since, but the French had not an adequate supply of these formidable weapons. This is really no reflection on the military equipment or prescience of our gallant Allies. The Germans have set the pace in this war in the matter of artillery, and their efforts in this direction, by which alone they would have hoped to succeed in their massed infantry attacks, have gone beyond anything anticipated by the military experts of other armies.

Allies' Position.

As to men the Allies are certainly in a much better position than the Germans. The French have not yet called out either their shavelings or their grey beards. They have not yet been able to equip for the field even all their first-line troops of the finest service age. The Frenchmen are a gallant race and fine soldiers, but not even they can march to war in the ordinary Frenchman's peace boots.

But these men will soon be equipped. Millions of British boots will go campaigning in this war on French feet. It rests with ourselves, therefore, to see that we also are not lacking in men when the moment comes to strike decisively. The vivid summaries of our armies' doings supplied by the new "Eye-Witness" consistently reveal the dogged valour with which our army is standing up to unfair odds. "Methinks upon each pair of English feet do march five Frenchmen," boasted Henry V. at Agincourt. That is just about the odds our men are now encountering the Germans at Ypres, and although one German is by no means equal to one Frenchman, even in Germans the odds is too many. It is not to be thought that "gentlemen in Britain now abed" will hold their valour so cheap as to allow their countrymen to stand unaided in the field. We want another 100,000 men immediately, so that they will be ready by the spring, and after that it will be enough if the present 20,000 men a month continue to be forthcoming. One refuses to believe that our countrymen of fighting age lack spirit. A prominent Labour leader, and a blazing patriot to boot, tells me with conviction that the Government have only to make it clear that their pendants will be adequately looked after while they fight, and if they fail, to bring at once into Lord Kitchener's cadres twice the number of men asked for.

The Russian Steam Roller.

We have been told that the Russians feel hurt at being described as a "Steam Roller." Nevertheless, that instrument is very apt in describing what is now happening in the east. The Germans have been not pushed but hurled back from the Vistula, compelling a general retreat also in East Prussia, and now the Austrians are fleeing from the San. The importance of these victories cannot be exaggerated.

The Russians are pressing forward to give battle to the invaders on the Warthe, where the Germans will have better facilities of transport for their big guns on which they rely so much, but will fight with all the disadvantage of men who are meeting troops who have already beaten them once.

So far the Russians have demonstrated the splendid qualities that have always distinguished them in the higher commands, and more than this, an impression of competence in the lower commands, as well as a perfectly crusading courage among the rank and file. Consequently there is every reason to expect that the Germans will lose the battle of the Warthe as conclusively as that of the Vistula, though it may last longer. In that event the invasion of Silesia, the great industrial black country of the German Empire, will follow promptly. We may expect to see a simultaneous Russian advance towards Breslau, Poland, and perhaps Danzig. The effect of this on Germany must be such that it is almost inevitable to react on the west.

In fact, if the Russians win the next battle the Germans in the west will probably fall back, evacuating France and Belgium, behind their fortress chain guarding the Rhine.

Germany Downhearted.

Germany's precarious position on both flanks is having its inevitable result. Reliable information has been received in London indicating a subtle but decided change in the tone of public opinion in Germany, and notably in Berlin during the last few days. Already the Germans are beginning to lose the arrogant confidence with which they embarked on the war. The whole German nation has been assiduously educated for years on a stolid basis of Teutonic infallibility. They really believed that they had only to draw the sword, and not only victory, but conquest, was assured.

Thanks to the insidious methods by which a semi-official press is controlled in Germany, it has taken the German public three months to discover the real situation. From the point of view of the Prussian officialism that controls the whole German machine, the threatening relapse of public spirit after so much false buoyancy of heart is all the more serious. There are onlookers in this country, people not unacquainted with the German temperament, who have asserted for some time that sooner or later Germany would "crack."

It is not to be expected that a nation which makes war so atrociously will endure reverses very stoically. The Germans have shown themselves the very worst type of winners. They will prove themselves bad losers. This is not a superficial or a flippant view. It embodies a truth, the working of which may yet bring sensational developments in the course of this great war.

The Sick Man of the East.

In the meantime Berlin has succeeded in dragging Turkey into the conflict. The diplomatic view is that the benefits she will derive are very doubtful. Some authorities assert that Germany's reckless move at Constantinople is the biggest of her many diplomatic blunders committed in the course of the war. It is evidence of sheer desperation, like her attempts to stir up trouble elsewhere, and the remarkable scheme, as remarkable for its failure as for its folly, for making peace with France on practically any terms.

Germany's main object, of course, in fastening Turkey to her chariot wheel is political rather than military. Her hope is that the fire kindled in Constantinople may spread to India and to Egypt. So far as India is concerned there is happily no sign that the enemy's hopes in this direction are likely to be realised. The invasion of Egypt, moreover, is not a task lightly to be undertaken. The passage of the Suez Canal presents a problem almost as serious as the passage of the Straits of Dover. The dearth of water in the desert by which it must be approached renders it impossible for any large expeditionary force to be employed, and we know that even before Turkey threw off all disguise and declared war against Russia we had some 14,000 Territorials guarding the banks of the Canal.

Turkey's participation in the war renders it probable, moreover, that other States may be drawn into the vortex. Italy's attitude is still in doubt, but Roumania at least is not likely to maintain her attitude of benevolent neutrality. This point needs to be emphasised, for Roumania hitherto has played a very important part indeed in the great struggle that is convulsing Europe. It is upon Roumania that Germany has been almost solely dependent for her oil supplies, and without oil her armies must lose that mobility which has been, and still is, the secret of such successes as she has secured thus far in the campaign.

The Glorious Scots.

The London Scottish have had their heart's desire at last. They have been in action in Flanders. It was their fortune to deliver a bayonet charge against the Kaiser's famed Bavarians, and they acquitted themselves magnificently. It seems the Bavarians came down on our trenches in overwhelming numbers, and had carried them when the London Scottish got the order to fix bayonets and charge.

The men of that splendid Territorial corps dashed forward in the open for over 1000 yards under heavy fire, and fairly leapt on the Bavarians with cold steel. There was a sharp fight at close quarters. The London Scottish recoiled, but reformed and charged again, and finally the Bavarians broke and ran for their lives.

It is reported that the Scottish lost about 300 men. But Sir John French has personally congratulated them on what he calls a "glorious" performance, and the Scots have given a new prestige and status to the whole of our Territorial Army. The Terriers have fairly won their spurs.

Of course, there is great pride and joy at the headquarters of the London Scottish in London. Well may Scotsmen all over the world be proud of these young civilian compatriots who have crossed steel with the Kaiser's picked troops in some of the fiercest fighting of the bloodiest war in history, and proved once more the fighting instinct of their race. The Germans call our Highlanders "the ballet girls." But they run like hares when the "kilties" spring out of the trenches and get in amongst them with the bayonet.

GERMANS COLLECT TAXES IN BELGIUM.

Amsterdam, Friday.

A Brussels telegram states that in accordance with Article 48 of the Hague Convention the German Government is collecting customs, taxes, and other duties in Belgian territory occupied by Germans.

Those Belgium Customs officers who have recognised the German occupation are continuing their duties under the supervision of a German official.

The occupied Belgian territory forms a Customs district by itself, and is completely separated from Germany.

Berlin despatches state that several thousand Britishers have been arrested all over Germany.

SCOTS GREYS IN ACTION.

EDINBURGH TROOPER DESCRIBES

HISTORIC CHARGE.

(By Our Special Commissioner.)

A gallant Scots Grey, now lying in Stobshill Hospital, Glasgow, formed one of the first detachments to enter France in mid-August, and he was actually fighting near Ypres on Sunday last, when a piece of shrapnel struck him in the head and put him out of action.

The views of this Scottish trooper, who belongs to Edinburgh, must carry much weight. Although reluctant to say anything about the operations at the front, I was fortunate in prevailing upon the Edinburgh trooper to furnish me with a correct and unvarnished story of what the Greys had done, and how our men were comporting themselves in the fighting line. This trooper had kept a careful diary with copious notes about the scenes at the firing-line, but, unfortunately, in a brisk action his notes were lost.

"I think the Scots Greys were the first British cavalry to fire in the war. Only one squadron of the Greys started against great droves of the enemy, and this was a dismounted action. We held on pretty well, but owing to the enormous strength of the Germans at that time we were forced to retire. Our machine guns did marvellous work, and the Germans had a lot of casualties.

Charging the Germans.

"After retiring a bit we got on our horses, and, along with the 12th Lancers, we charged. I must correct a misapprehension as to the appearance of the Greys when charging. We did not take off our tunics and caps and roll up our sleeves. We were fully equipped in khaki, and with caps, tunics, and everything complete, and, what is more, we rode our own grey horses. After that charge we returned to our lines with a lot of rifles, helmets, &c., belonging to the Uhlans.

"But that was not a very satisfying charge for us. The enemy dismounted and lay flat on the ground, and we did not do as much damage as we would have liked. After we passed through the ranks of the enemy many of the Germans rose and tried to shoot us, and you can be certain that we did not forget to exact a heavy price for this act of Teuton treachery. We lost a major, who was sadly missed by the regiment."

Not Suitable For Cavalry.

Many of the public have no doubt been surprised at the few recent references to the Scots Greys and other cavalry regiments. The explanation as given me by this trooper is perfectly feasible.

"The country where the British troops have been operating for some time is not at all suitable for cavalry movements, and for periods from two to three weeks most of us never saw our horses. We were engaged in digging trenches, and taking part in the operations on foot.

"Shortly after we landed in France we started to colour our horses, but they are still sending over the familiar grey horses, although they show up pretty vividly as a background. I can tell you the members of the Scots Greys would be very sorry if they were to lose their own distinctive horses."

The Edinburgh trooper narrated an incident which at one time looked like being a very black day for the Greys and the 12th Lancers. They were crossing the Aisne by means of a pontoon bridge when the Germans suddenly started to shell the frail bridge with two guns and two quick-firing Maxims. The crack cavalry corps seemed to be caught in a trap, but British pluck, coupled with indifferent marksmanship on the part of the German gunners, reduced the casualties to a wonderfully small proportion, considering the exposed nature of the retiral. That was a memorable day for the Greys, as, later on in the afternoon, after getting away from the pontoon bridge, they were heavily shelled at the top of a wood.

Shooting a Spy.

Asked if he could really adduce proof of German atrocities, the Edinburh trooper quietly nodded. "Oh, yes; it has been abundantly proved that the Germans have ruthlessly killed farmers, peasants, women, and children. Just before I left the front about a week ago we found that a farmer was acting as a German spy. He was taken out and shot. That was the grim punishment meted out to a traitor.

"If the Germans were taught and trained the same as the British soldiers they would be a very formidable lot, but for the most part the Germans are ignorant of the nature of the operations, and don't know where they are fighting. Many of them don't know whether they are fighting in Germany, Belgium, or France, and but few of them are supplied with maps of the country. I think the Germans are at last beginning to understand the situation, that matters are going against them, and if the weather remained favourable for the advance of the Russians, I do not think it will be long before the war is ended."

The French as Fighters.

An interesting personal opinion as to the fighting qualities of our Allies, the French, was given by the Scots Greys trooper.

"I think the French fight far better apart from the British troops. The French, in my opinion, are apt to rely too much on the British when they are fighting side by side. When left to their own resources the French fight really well, far better than when working in concert."

GERMANY RUNNING SHORT OF PETROLEUM.

Amsterdam, Saturday.

The Telegraph learns that there is great shortage of petroleum and benzine in Germany. In the town of Goch, in the Rhein Province, and in its vicinity even signalling lamps on railways cannot be lighted.—P.A. War Special.

SPENT £6000 IN FEW YEARS.

SCOTTISH MINISTER IN DIVORCE COURT.

GOUROCK HOTEL

OFFICIAL'S EVIDENCE.

Further proof was led before Lord Hunter in the Court of Session yesterday in the defended action of divorce by Jeanie Calder Anderson or Snaddon, Logie Villa, Stirling, against the Rev. David Hunter Ritchie Snaddon, residing at Hamilton Street, Girvan, and against a woman who was called as co-defender.

When the case was up last it was adjourned on the motion of the defender's counsel, who stated that his client had been too ill to get up his defence.

It was stated that the defender had now instructed new agents, and counsel asked his Lordship to postpone again the proof in respect of the state of the health of the defender as shown by two medical certificates.

Lord Hunter said that if he had a defence he had had an opportunity of stating it before now, and there was no explanation why that had not been done. His Lordship did not think it would be fair to postpone the case further, and decided that the proof should proceed as if it were an undefended case.

Pursuer's Evidence.

Pursuer (44) stated in evidence that the marriage took place in June, 1902, and there were four children, the eldest of whom was ten years old. About two years ago her husband took to drink and met the co-defender. He went off once or twice to destinations which witness did not know.

In the beginning of this year he went to Glasgow and stayed in a hotel with the co-defender for ten days or a fortnight. From 1st February until the middle of March he stayed in a hotel in Gourock with the same woman. On May 16 he returned home at one o'clock in the morning, entering the house by the scullery window. He came into the nursery where witness was sleeping with the children, and then went upstairs and took away some bearer bonds and burned his letters.

The last time she saw him was on 16th September, when he came to the house in Stirling, bringing his luggage. She refused to let him stay, but he left his luggage, and in going through it witness came across a number of letters couched in affectionate terms between the defender and co-defender.

Once a Fairly Rich Man.

On the day before the last diet of proof she received a telegram from him in the following terms—"Even at this late hour do withdraw. You can if you will. How are the children? Don't deny me this, please."

Witness added that defender was once a fairly rich man, and he had got through £6000 in the last few years—a great deal of it through the co-defender and drink.

The manageress and boots of a hotel in Gourock stated that the defender and co-defender resided there as Mr and Mrs Snaddon from 7th February last until the middle of March. The boots saw that Snaddon drank very much while he was in the hotel.

Lord Hunter granted decree of divorce, and gave pursuer the custody of the children with £20 aliment for each.

RAILWAY BLOWN UP BY REBELS.

DE WET AND BEYERS ACTIVE.

Johannesburg, Friday night.

It is officially announced that a rebel commando is being pursued in Waterberg district.

Transvaal rebel forces are also being pursued on the Damaraland border, and Free State rebels have blown up a bridge and destroyed the railway in the Free States.

Pretoria, Friday.

Yesterday afternoon a rebel commando crossed the railway from north to south, near Bloemhof, in the Western Transvaal.

They were engaged by a Union force under Commandants Delarey and Swartz, who captured five of them.

Late last night they crossed the Vaal River into the Free State, with Colonel-Commandant Limmer in pursuit.

It is rumoured that General Beyers is with the rebel commando which last night crossed the Vaal into the Free State with Col.-Commandant Limmer in pursuit.

Another large body, badly mounted and equipped, and said to be led by Kemp, is moving down Great Harts River Valley towards the Vryburg district, their objective presumably being German South-West Africa.

Colonel-Commandant Alberts, with a Union Government force, is moving in the same direction.

A third body of rebels under convoy has blown up a bridge over the Sand River at Virginia, while De Wet, with a large force, has destroyed the railway in the neighbourhood of Lindberg.

Harrismith has been entered and partly looted by a party of rebels.

Everything is quiet in Cape Province, and in the southern portion of the Free State.

Rebel Commandant Fourie, who was wounded and captured on the 5th inst. by a force under Col.-Commandant Mirtz, is at minister of Dutch-Reformed Church. Seventy rebels were captured in an engagement at Broukhorst Spruit.—P.A. War Special.

Five motor ambulance cars are being equipped by the Salvation Army to run continuously between the firing line and the bases.

COFFINS AS BARRICADES.—A few days ago when a force of German infantry engaged with the French near Rosieres, the enemy entered a graveyard and took up positions behind tombstones. The fire of the French infantry proved too hot for them, so some of the soldiers descended into the vaults and brought up coffins, which they piled up to make barricades.

MORE MEN ARE WANTED

FOR BRITAIN'S NEW ARMIES.

HOW THE COUNTRY HAS RESPONDED.

Earl Kitchener's appeal for a million men to bear arms for King and country is not receiving the response expected.

This is due to no lack of patriotism or courage, but to an erroneous impression that so many were rallying to the flag that the War Office was unable to cope with them.

At one time that view may have had some foundation in fact. But it ought now to be clearly understood that, having perfected their arrangements, the authorities are anxious for a much larger number of men than are now presenting themselves, and that the need is urgent.

Nearly 4000 were enrolled in one day, London providing almost twenty-five per cent. of the total. As a matter of fact, the Metropolis has given nearly one-sixth of the total number of men enlisted since the outbreak of the war. Clearly, therefore, some parts of the country have not made anything like the response of which they are capable.

Who Are Enlisting?

Has every class contributed its proportionate share? The answer is not easy to supply, but it appears that the artisan class has not kept pace with those in other walks of life.

This cannot, however, apply to the 58,000 railway workers who have rallied to the colours. There would have been more but for the War Office urging the importance of sufficient being left to work the home railways efficiently. Shop assistants have done remarkably well. Liverpool dock workers have flocked to the colours in such numbers—about 30,000—that it has been difficult to find labour in that city.

Have the men of Leeds come forward as they ought? There are about a thousand men wanted for the Leeds Rifles. Have the men of the West Country done their duty? In the Western District the returns last week were low.

In Devonport there was a poor response last week, and in an English north-east coast town only fifty-seven recruits were mustered.

The 3d Battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment wants another 150 men. In Birmingham the recruiting slackened recently, and there was a proposal for a census giving full particulars of all able-bodied men, but that fell through, and 161 enlisted on Monday.

Villagers' Example.

Wales has sent over 50,000 of her sons. Villages in Scotland have done nobly. One village of thirteen houses has sent eleven men, another of twenty-six houses twenty-five men, and a third of twenty-five houses has sent twenty-six men.

In Glasgow there have been 400 enlistments in a week. The figures for three months were:—

August and September, ...	22,445
October, ...	4,716
Total, ...	27,161

These were exclusive of Territorial, Imperial, and Reserve units.

In Renfrewshire the county military establishments are complete, except the 5th and 6th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders Reserves. Although it is over strength in actual figures, men of high standard are required for the 4th Black Watch.

Three battalions have been raised in the Newcastle and Tyneside district—2d Tyneside Scottish, 2d Commercials, and Tyneside Irish. Miners have done very well.

A New Allowance.

An important statement has been issued by the War Office with reference to separation allowances for the dependents of unmarried soldiers. If an unmarried soldier actually kept, or helped to keep, a father, mother, sister, or other member of his family before the war began, or before he enlisted, if that happened after the outbreak of the war, and if he is willing to give part of his pay while the war lasts, the Government will help by making a grant of separation allowance.

Up to certain limits the amount the soldier used to pay will continue to be paid, the soldier finding a share of one-third or less, and the Government the rest. For instance, if the soldier had paid 12s 6d in peace he will in future only have to pay 6d a day (3s 6d a week), and the Government will pay the other 9s. The Government will in no case pay more than the 9s. If the soldier gives less than 3s 6d a week the Government will also pay less, the total weekly payment where the soldier gives 4d a day being 9s 6d.

Women and Children.

When a soldier has been the sole support of a woman, who would otherwise be destitute, the full allotment as for a wife and children must be made by the soldier if he wishes any payment to be made to her, and to any children of his in her charge. No claim to these allowances will be good unless it can be proved that the soldier did actually keep or help to keep the person claiming. Dependents of soldiers serving at home should apply to the soldiers to make a claim on their behalf.

If there is good reason to suppose that the soldier will contribute his share a temporary grant may be made, but it will cease or be reduced if he refuses or reduces his contribution. Payment will be made weekly through the Post Office in the same way as to soldiers' wives.

"GREATER LOVE."

Lancer Gives Life to Save Comrades.

How Private Edward Richardson, of the 17th Lancers, walked into a German trap and met his death is told in a letter to his mother from Sergt.-Major Drew, of the 5th Lancers.

When he was captured he was made to march along the road as a decoy to another patrol, but when he saw the Germans' scheme he sacrificed his life to save his comrades. He put up his hands to stop their progress as they halted. His captors were so incensed that they killed him with his own bayonet.

ARE WE DOWNHEARTED?

After the battle of the dunes. British wounded, walking to hospital—smiling. "Are we downhearted?" they shouted. The answer is well known. C.N.

FIFE MAN ARRESTED FOR A SPY.

EXCITING ADVENTURES OF DESPATCH CARRIERS

IN THEIR DASH BETWEEN BRITAIN AND WAR AREA.

(BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.)

Excitement, thrills, dangers, disappointments, and hardships make up the life of the men whose duty it is to journey to and from the front bearing despatches. Previous to the outbreak of war the courier's profession had practically dwindled away, but since communication between Britain and the Continent has been disturbed there has been a never-ending call for volunteers, and those who have answered it have exciting stories to tell of the sights they have witnessed and the experiences that have befallen them.

Well known to journalists in London and Paris, Mr P. M'Cabe has been journeying between London and Joinville for a well-known French business house, and in an interview I had with him he described some of the difficulties he has had to contend against, and some of the amazing things he has witnessed in the course of his journeyings.

'The most thrilling sight I saw in France," he said, "was fraught with considerable disappointment, inasmuch as the curtain was dropped on an episode of war before I had an opportunity of witnessing the finish of it. The train in which I was travelling from Paris was proceeding slowly on its way, when suddenly I heard shouts, and, leaning out of the window, I saw an aeroplane coming in our direction.

"From every window all along the train heads were thrust, and as we gazed towards the clouds we saw the aeroplane swiftly overhauling us, until it was directly over the train. In some of the compartments the wildest fears were rampant, for the aircraft looked like a German Taube, and it was thought that it might be the intention of the aviator to drop a bomb upon us. We could hear the whirr of the engine, could plainly see the figure in the driving seat, and for fully a mile the train steamed slowly along with the aeroplane keeping pace with us.

What Happened to the Aviator?

"Suddenly it began to swerve, and it then became apparent that something had gone wrong with the engine which necessitated a descent. The aviator was by this time a little distance in front of us, and we saw him come down in a field, from which, it needed no expert to tell, it would be very difficult to rise again.

"As luck would have it, the signals were against us, and just as we arrived alongside the field the brakes were jammed on, and the train came to a standstill. Instantly there arose scenes of the wildest excitement. Passengers leaned from the windows gazing at the aviator, who could be seen working feverishly to start his engine.

"We could not tell the nationality of the flyer, and the air was rent with excited cries of—

"'Are you English?' 'Are you French?' 'Are you Bosch?'

"To these the aviator paid no attention, and as we waited we saw a regiment of French soldiers issuing from a wood. They came rushing at the double to where the aeroplane rested, and we could see that there was not the slightest chance of the aviator getting into the air, but to our intense disappointment the whistle sounded, the train steamed away from the field, and left us conjecturing as to the result of the meeting between the soldiers and the aerial scout."

Fife Man Arrested.

One of the best known Fleet Street men who is making a weekly crossing is Mr Williamson, a son of the Provost of Cupar-Fife.

Mr Williamson had crossed to get in touch with one of the war correspondents at the front, and one day he was tapped on the shoulder and informed that he was under arrest. The officer who examined him looked at his papers, listened to his explanations, and then began to throw doubts on his nationality.

The trouble was that orders had been issued to look for a spy who was believed to be using an American passport, and Mr Williamson's accent had led them to suspect him. He was able, however, to prove that he was not the wanted man, and with many apologies he was at last allowed to go on his way.

Another gentleman who is also engaged in similar work had a much more trying experience. The authorities are very anxious to prevent messages being taken out of the country without the censor having first seen them, and in a small village near the fighting line the courier was arrested after having been followed about the whole afternoon.

Taken before the officer he was asked if he had any messages on his person, or if he was in any way connected with anyone who might be desirous of getting letters or messages sent home. The courier indignantly denied the insinuation, remarking that he was merely in the vicinity to see the battlefield after having finished his business in Brussels.

The officer was not satisfied with his assurances, and he ordered two soldiers to search the prisoner. They stripped him in a cell, found two letters on his person and conducted him back to the officer. The letters were from a well-known war correspondent and contained nothing that would have been of advantage to the enemy, but all the same the courier came in for a very hot time. He was packed into a motor car, sent to the nearest coast town, and told to thank his lucky stars that his foolishness had not got him shot as a spy.

Plenty of Vacancies for Young Men.

He informed me that the British soldiers have got to know all about the work of the courier, and whenever he is in France he is besieged by men, who want him to take letters over with him and post them in England to their wives and relatives.

This is a natural desire, but it is extremely dangerous, and to cope with it all letters carried by the couriers are examined by experienced officers at Southampton or Folkestone.

The work of the men going weekly to Paris is nothing, however, to that of the couriers, who are making the journey between Paris or London and Berlin. Englishmen, as may well be imagined, are not engaged in this work, the couriers to the German capital being foreigners whose countries are not at war with the Huns.

Several of them have gone since the outbreak of war to bring over children who were at school in Germany, and others are employed by naturalised Germans. Nobody envies them their journey, and nobody who valued his liberty would care to emulate them.

The profession of courier is by no means overcrowded, and there are plenty of vacancies for young men of courage and enterprise. The salary attached to the work is good, but those who have been at it since the commencement of the war say that it is a severe drain on the nervous system. One can well understand that this is so.

SCOTTISH CASUALTIES.

Officers and Men Killed and Wounded.

The following casualties in the Expeditionary Forces are reported from General Headquarters under date November 1:—

Killed.

Ogilvy, Sec.-Lieut, Sir G. N. Bart., Scots Guards.

Died of Wounds.

Stephen, Capt. A. A. L., Scots Guards.

Officers Wounded.

Laurie, Sec.-Lieut. J. E., Seaforth Highlanders.

Loman, Major-General S. M.

M'Kenzie, Capt. Sir V. A. F., Bart., Scots Guards.

M'Donald, Lieut. Hon. G. E. M., Scots Guards.

M'Dougall, Sec.-Lieut. D. J., Royal Scots.

Middleton, Lieut. W. A. A., Seaforth Highlanders.

Murdoch, Sec.-Lieut. T. F., Black Watch.

Officers Missing.

Blair, Sec.-Lieut. P. E. A., Black Watch.

Campbell, Lieut. C. F. F., Scots Guards.

De La Pasture, Capt. C. E., Scots Guards.

Fitzroy, Lieut. R. H., Scots Guards.

Jolliffe, Lieut. B. G., Scots Guards.

Krook, Capt. A. D. C., Black Watch.

M'Naughton, Lieut. A. C. R. S., Black Watch.

The following casualties among non-commissioned officers and men of the Expeditionary Forces are reported from the Base:—

Killed.

Cameron Highlanders — Cairns (9529), Pte. T.; Crawford (7049), Pte. H. P.; Cunningham (7391), Sergt. T.; De War (6244), Pte. D.; Geddes (7894), Lance.-Corp. G.; Mitchell (9012), Pte. A.; Simons (6436), Pte. W.; Thompson (6095), Pte. W.; Wood (5260), Col.-Sergt. J.; Yule (8955), Corpl. J.

Died of Wounds.

Cameron Highlanders—Dwyer (7065), Pte. C. A.; Mill (7692), Pte. J.; Norris (7643), Pte. W. Mayes (9195). Pte. C. Ryl., Scots Fusiliers. Walker (11,046), Lance-Corpl. A., Royal Scots.

Wounded.

Cameron Highlanders—Ainslie (6684), Pte. J.; Bain (8764), Lance-Sergt. G.; Bissett (8300), Pte. T.; Calderwood (6930), Pte. G.; Campbell (7799), Pte. J.; Campbell (8434), Pte. M.; Clark (6452), Pte. J.; Clark (6404), Pte. J.; Clarke (7351), Pte. T.; Cook (6726), Pte. D.; Croft (7014), Pte. R.; Eadie (7336), Pte. J.; Fergusson (9583), Pte. C.; Greig (9295), Pte. J.; Higgins (6713), Pte. B.; Lindsay (7525), Pte. H.; M'M'Bean (9441), Pte. C.; M'Kee (9500), Pte. P.; M'Kenzie (8051), Pte. D.; M'Intosh (7118), Pte. W.; Mitchell (5782), Pte. P.; Neone (8184), Pte. J.; Reid (9429), Pte. J.; Renfrew (6547), Pte. W.; Scott (9408), Pte. B.; Smith (7337), Pte. J.; Smith (7075), Pte. W.; Stevens (9257), Pte. P.; Stewart (5980), Pte. D.; Thomson (8009), Pte. J. Wood (5573), Pte.

Black Watch—Bell (8624), Pte. W.; Drennan (324), Pte. A.; Fenton (9664), Corpl. P.; Fisher (8091), Pte. R.; Gray (1380), C. P.L.J.; Runcie (194), Pte. L.

Wounded.

Scots Greys — Bain (269), Pte. A.; Dean (4821), Sergt. A. F.; M'Keller (5067), Corpl. P.; Ward (5955), Ptet. D.; White (6288), Pte. A.

Killed.

Hampton (5645), Pte. T., Scots Guards. Hastings (7958), Pte. P., Scots Guards.

Died of Wounds.

Brown (6938), Pte. R., Scots Guards.

Wounded.

Scots Guards—Archer (5340), Pte F.; Barnett (5383)ñ Pte. D.; Carr (8018), Pte. W.; Cawthray (4981), Pte. M.; Clark (6372), Pte. A.; Cowie (8661), Pte. D.; Gordon (6793), Pte. J.; Grant (8599). Pte. D.; Groves (8795), Pte. T.; Hutcheon (7402), Pte. W.; Ivall (5099), Pte. G.; Jewell (7982), Pte. G.; King (7647), Pte. E.; King (2182), Pte. J.; King (7118), Pte. W.; Limer (6434), Pte. S.; M'Iver (8597), Pte. D.; M'Kay (7411), Pte. H.; Miller (7622), Pte. D.; Paine (5597), Pte. W.; Passman (5482), Lance-Sergt. T.; Smith (4906), Pte. J.; Taylor (4954), Pte. W.; Wallace (7791), Pte. W.; Walmsley (5384), Pte. T.; Webster (8484), Pte. A.

Flockhart (1289), Pte. D., Royal Scots Greys.

LONDON SCOTTISH MAN

Tells of Incidents in Glorious Charge.

It has been ascertained from a trustworthy source that the list of casualties in the London Scottish, as the result of the glorious charge across open country near Ypres, is not so heavy as was at first feared.

One of the wounded men returned to London on Saturday. He was shot through the right fore arm, but, fortunately, his wound is such that he will not be permanently disabled.

"We were rushed up in a Putney 'bus to within a short distance of where the actual combat took place," he said, "and got in touch with the enemy about two o'clock on Sunday.

"As we approached we could distinctly hear floating on the early morning air the strains of 'Die Wacht Am Rhein,' played by a German band in the rear of their line. It served as battle music for us also, for then we charged into them with a 'Hooch.'

"In the charge a comrade was attacked by a German, who raised his rifle to strike him with the butt end, but before he succeeded in his purpose another Scottie pinned the German with his bayonet. I noticed that the majority of the prisoners in our vicinity were composed of youths and elderly men."

5000 5000
PREMIUM FLAGS
5000 5000

IN THE

Christmas
DOUBLE
NUMBER

of the "RED LETTER. On Sale on WEDNESDAY, 11th November. This splendid issue will also contain

EIGHT PAGES OF PARODIES

of popular Music Hall Songs. You know the music; we provide the new words. And you will be sorry if you miss

"HOW I PUT THE KIBOSH ON THE KAISER,"

by Mark Sheridan. This sparkling comedian is in his funniest vein, and his account of how he met the Kaiser's demand to make him one of the "bhoys" will cause you to rock with laughter. Another notable feature will be

"GINGER" JENKINS AT THE FRONT

—a complete story which breathes of the spirit permeating the hearts of our brave Tommies in the terrible struggle now in progress on the Continent. Many more striking contributions will be found, and to save disappointment you would be wise to order a copy of this grand

Christmas
DOUBLE
NUMBER

OF THE "RED LETTER" AT ONCE.

Supplement to
The Post Sunday Special.

MAP OF THE NEW WAR ZONE.

LATEST FROM LONDON.

THE FALL OF TSINGTAU.

HOW TO STIMULATE RECRUITING.

SCOTTISH RIFLES HAVE HOT TIME.

(By Our Own Correspondent.)

London, Saturday Midnight.

The Japanese Ambassador was leaving the Foreign Office to-day as I passed, and although I noticed more than usual animation, there was no demonstration among the public, who, of course, had no means of knowing what the visit portended.

His Excellency was looking particularly well pleased with himself, and doubtless feeling proud of his countrymen, who had enabled him to make the historic announcement that Tsingtau had gone the way of all forts.

The Russian Ambassador had previously been received by the King, the interview lasting some considerable time, and in the afternoon Sir Edward Grey looked round to Downing Street to talk over the trend of events with the Prime Minister.

The news of the fall of Tsingtau was enthusiastically received everywhere in London, and a couple of smiling-faced little Japanese, who chanced to be passing through Leicester Square when the news came, were surprised to find themselves the centre of an excited demonstration in honour of our Eastern Allies. A party of wounded Belgians driving past in a motor car cheered and waved their hands to their British comrades.

The gallant work of the London Scottish has done more than anything to swell the number of recruits, silence the croakers, and stave off the bogey of conscription, which, singularly enough, made its reappearance on the morning of the anniversary of the death of the gentleman whose effigy is publicly burned.

What War Office Wants.

One is disinclined to believe that in a country which produces men like the heroes who wear the hodden grey it will ever be necessary to resort to compulsion, but I have it on the authority of at least fifty friends that the papers are all ready and only awaiting the sanction of the Government. Frankly, I do not believe the story about these papers, as different men who had it from other men have given me in confidence three different names of firms who have been entrusted with the printing work.

A prominent London Town Councillor told me a week after hostilities had broken out that the papers were lying in the branch post offices and would be issued almost at once. It is really wonderful how these stories find circulators among people who ought to know better. What the War Office wants, instead of these famous papers, is a press gang, not the old-fashioned sort who used to hunt unwilling men through the streets of Plymouth and Portsmouth, but a few press men of facile pen at the front who will deal with glorious victories like that of the London Scottish in a way which will fire the patriotic blood in the veins of youths. Do you remember how Major Morgenstern and how proud he was of the heroism of our Highlanders? He sent hundreds of recruits to South Africa by half a dozen strokes of the pen, and the sooner the War Office realises its mistake the better it will be for recruiting.

A Modest Hero.

I had a chat with young Fitchie, the famous International footballer, who used to play for Woolwich Arsenal, and I should not be surprised to find him out at the front in the firing line with the Scottish before many weeks have passed. His family was represented by two of his brothers in the charge of the regiment in Belgium, and they have reason to fear that William has answered the last great roll call in the defence of the honour of the land which gave him birth. His brother Bert, who has arrived home wounded, says that he saw him rushing along in the charge, and now he is among the missing. The last time I met William Fitchie he regaled me with stories of his experiences in the Boer War, and I was impressed by the extreme modesty of a man who had emerged out of many dangers, rubbed shoulders with death, and achieved distinction without a thought that he had done any more than follow the path of duty.

The Latest Rumour.

Although the Press Bureau refused to allow the papers to announce the engagement in the North Sea, every man in the street knew that the big guns were booming, and to-day I was assured that during the scuffle German transports had escaped from Heligoland only to fall into the hands of our Navy. Forty thousand Germans, so it was said, had been taken prisoners, and here I was cautioned not to repeat the news, five German destroyers had been sent to Davy Jones' locker. The transport story is the richest of the lot, inasmuch as Germany knows too well what would happen to their crews even if they did succeed in effecting a landing. We are quite ready to deal with them and can mobilise at any given point in less time than most people would imagine. One battery of artillery was ready recently in twenty minutes, and only left one spur behind. This is a record which will take a good deal of beating in the Fatherland.

The Cameronians' Experience.

I put in the morning at the hospital chatting with the wounded Belgians. Their stories are pitiful, but by far the most pathetic was told me by one of the Scottish Rifles, who left Glasgow with his regiment on the outbreak of war. His brother was in the same regiment, and occupied a post in the trenches about two hundred yards distant. During the hottest part of the day my friend saw a "Jack Johnson" bang into the firing lines, and he made the remark to one of his comrades that some poor beggars would be wiped out. Later on he learned that his brother had been the victim, and when a volunteer party headed by an officer went to recover his body another shell came bursting into the trench and not one returned alive. The feelings of the bereaved soldier can well be imagined. He has not yet had the heart to send the sad tidings to his brother's wife, and I fear that as his identification badge was not recovered she may yet be buoying herself up with the hope that never leaves the soldier's lass until the missive from the War Office arrives. The wounded brother has found some comfort in the fact that Glasgow is looking after the wives of our brave Tommies, and that, thanks to a useful fund, his wife will be able to journey this week to London to see him.

A Mysterious Explosive.

A great deal has been talked, and much more written, about the mysterious turpinite which is said to paralyse the action of the heart and decimate armies. Some authorities, among them Dr Low, who was recently the subject of a German pick, scoff at the very mention of the explosive, but the majority of the public cling to it if only for the romance encircling it. I am not in a position to affirm or deny the existence of turpinite, but a private in one of the regiments at the front put a very interesting theory forward regarding it. He pointed out that, whereas the Germans had previously dealt harshly with the inhabitants of towns and villages in France and Belgium, they were now doing all in their power, both by kindness and by imposing restrictions, to prevent them leaving when the German soldiers marched in to take up occupation. His theory was that the change had been brought about by the fear of turpinite, the Germans holding that the French would not dare to use it if they knew that French or Belgian people were in the neighbourhood. It is a rather unique theory, and the truth or otherwise will be proved when Germany is on the run in her own country.

BRITISH GENERAL PROUD OF HIS TROOPS.

MAGNIFICENT SPIRIT ANIMATES OFFICERS AND MEN.

STORIES FROM THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Splendid letters continue to come to hand from officers and men at the front.

What strikes one about these letters is the admirable and perfectly impartial mutual admiration that exists between the officers and the rank and file. "The men are splendid," say the officers; "Our officers are O.K.," say the men.

A gunner of the R.F.A. writing home this week says:—"The Major was very angry because the Germans got two of his best men with shell. He vowed to get 2000 Germans by way of retaliation. As he fired 1500 rounds of 50 lb. shell from his battery in one day, mostly into thick columns of German troops, the gunner considers that his Major "made good."

Another gunner tells how his Major watched the German staff of one division settling down to a meal in the open, carefully trained a gun on them, and when they were quite settled down, fired. In the words of the gunner "up went the blooming lot." One wonders whether Von Kluck, who is now reported to have died of wounds, and to have been smuggled through to the rear with his face carefully covered, was one of the picnicers.

The same Major watched the Germans through his glasses putting up an elaborate telegraphing station carefully canopied against aerial observation. He waited until the operation was complete, and then fired a salvo of six guns. "Jim," writes the admirable gunner, who adds that the Major's signaller told him afterwards that the Major was awfully pleased with himself, and kept chuckling over it all day.

Shells Puts Stop to Football.

A Corporal of a Scottish regiment gives a fine description of a football match between regiments that was interrupted in a most aggravating way at a very exciting part of the game by German shell fire. He comments on the fact that the officer who was acting as referee "carefully noted the time on his watch" with a view to playing out the game fairly at the first opportunity. The writer adds, "I believe the French think we are mad."

Then there is the story of the Lieutenant who went out with a Bombardier to capture a calf which had strayed into a wood and was disturbing the sentries. He describes how they stalked the animal down. He himself caught it by the neck, and the Bombardier seized it by the tail. The frightened animal charged through the bushes with the two men clinging to it before it was brought to the ground and secured. The Lieutenant observes that they must have made a comical picture, he with his arms round the calf's neck and the Bombardier trailing behind "like the tail of a comet."

"I AM PROUD TO HAVE SUCH SOLDIERS."

Smith Dorrien and His Men.

General Sir Horace Smith Dorrien, in a letter to Lady Smith Dorrien during the battle of the Aisne, says:—

Never has an army been called on to engage in such desperate fighting as is of daily occurrence in the present war, and never have any troops behaved so magnificently as our soldiers in this war. The stories of the battles of Mons and Le Cateau are only beginning to be known, but at them a British force not only held its own against a German Army four times its own size, but it hit the enemy so hard that never were they able to do more than follow it up.

"Of course our troops had to fall back before them, an operation which would demoralise most armies. Not so with ours, however. Though they naturally did not like retiring for twelve successive days, they merely fell sullenly back, striking hard whenever attacked, and the moment the order came to go forward there were smiling faces everywhere. Then followed the battles of the Marne and the Aisne.

Feats of Heroism.

"Tell our women that all these great battles have, day after day, witnessed countless feats of heroism and brave fighting. Large numbers will be given Victoria Crosses and Distinguished Conduct medals, but many more have earned them, for it has been impossible to bring every case to notice.

"Tell the women, that, proud as I am to have such soldiers under my command, they should be prouder still to be near and dear relations of such men, and that they can show their pride by their own behaviour. Let them think of their husbands and brothers undergoing the greatest imaginable fatigues, often cold and wet for days together, and through it all, though in constant danger, performing feats of which any country might be proud.

"Tell the wives to talk to their children about their brave fathers, and for themselves never to do anything a full account of which they would shrink from giving their husbands on their return from the war.

"Tell the women and girls they can serve their country best by leading quiet lives, thus setting an example of self-restraint and uprightness at home, which, equally with the bravery of their dear ones in the war, is necessary to bring the country through this great national crisis with credit to those who have the good fortune to live under the Union Jack."

BELGIANS AND BRITISH SOLDIERS.

An officer who went through the Battle of the Aisne, and is at present in Belgium, has written a letter, dated October 26, in which he describes the enthusiasm of the Belgian people for the British troops.

"The Belgians are delighted to see us. As we entered one town all the population turned out and cheered, and gave the men cigars and cigarettes, while a man was wearing riding in at the head of the column; it was almost like a Royal progress. It is very extraordinary the faith the Belgians have in the British Army. Directly they see any British troops they seem to think that all will go well."

OFFICER GIVES HIS EXPERIENCE

In Barracks of Death's Head Hussars.

An English officer who is a prisoner of war in Germany has written to his wife letters which give some idea of the terrible effect of the cannonading some of our regiments had to endure recently in Belgium.

The writer is confined in the Husaren Kaserne, the barracks of the famous Death's Head Hussars, at Crefeld. In his first letter he says:—

"From the moment we landed we were opposed to vastly superior numbers, and had most difficult retiring movements to carry out, also advances against greatly superior strength. The last phase was a stand at all costs so far as ourselves and the —— Regiment were concerned. We believe the latter were finished off first, and that to a great extent was the cause of our heavy casualties and final capture.

"For six days we were subject to a most terrible bombardment of heavy artillery using high explosives. I don't think I slept for ten minutes during the whole six days. We were bombarded day and night, sniped at day and night, and the enemy attacked our line every night. One hundred and twenty shells were counted to fall in one hour during daylight once, and that was possibly not the worst hour. The high explosive shells smashed up trenches, houses, men, and rifles. Our trench was smashed up, with some men smothered up, to within a few yards of myself. By that time the position was captured from all sides. My trench was the very last to give in, I am thankful to say. It was no good going on. The colonel and everyone else in the position were captured, and there was a large body of infantry round the remains of my trench.

"Last night the colonel of the Scots Guards and five of their officers, also one from the South Staffords and one from the Borderers, came here as prisoners. They had the same thing to report—blown up by the guns.

As I told you, we reported to the senior German officers of the way we had been treated, and of the articles of personal clothing and money that had been taken from us. As I expected, they put their foot down on that very quickly, and the Scots Guards were able to keep all their private property, I believe, except articles of equipment."

RAINED SHELLS AND RIFLE BULLETS.

Captain Stewart's Death.

Corporal H. Roe, of the 2d Dragoon Guards, Queen's Bays, in a letter to his mother, who resides at Wealdstone, Harrow, gives a description of what he calls "the first bust-up on our retirement."

We were camping for the night (he says) in an open field. At dawn we were ready to saddle up, but the regiment was not moving off for some time, so we started grooming our horses. A shell dropped about 20 yards from our troop. I was behind Charlie (his horse). He stopped a piece of it in his chest, so I reckon he saved my life. As he fell towards me I jumped clear, and made under a bank about fifteen yards away. Then it simply rained shells and rifle bullets. Only two out of our troop of thirty horses got away. I looked over the bank and saw a horse standing, but he did not stand long, poor thing. He sank down on his knees, simply riddled in less than a minute.

We crawled along the bank, passing poor chaps dead and wounded. The wounded we pulled under the bank and fixed them up as well as we could. Our Maxim did splendid work. It mowed the enemy down like corn, and eventually we took eight of their twelve guns and 200 or 300 prisoners.

We were advance troop one day, and were just going to enter a village when the advance points noticed a barrier across the road. The Germans let the first two men get up until the troop was in view. Then they let go. Bits of lead were whistling all about us; but they only managed to hit one man in the thigh and kill another man's horse. They wouldn't hit a haystack at a couple of yards.

Captain Stewart, the officer who was imprisoned in Germany for espionage some time ago, was killed in the same action. He went back for a rifle, and came up with a Frenchman, saying, "I owe these people something." But it seemed as though they owed him something. A couple of minutes later he got one through the chest, poor chap. He went straight out.

GERMANS DON'T LIKE THE BAYONET.

Stirring Description of Capture of Trenches.

An officer in an Irish regiment, in a letter to his relatives, gives a stirring description of the capture of some trenches from the Germans. The writer says:—

"We have had three or four very hard days' fighting. My brigade was ordered to attack the Germans, who were in an entrenched position. My battalion led the attack, my company leading.

"It started raining as we formed up for attack, and we had to go over ploughed fields. I am still covered with mud from head to foot. Just as we got near to the enemy we came to a small stream about waist deep, but this did not deter us. We waded through and charged up the hill shouting 'Faugh-a-Ballagh!'

"The Germans fled, and we are now in hot pursuit. Please goodness we will drive them back. I am happy to say I am quite fit and unhurt. I feel confident my good luck will continue. It was splendid to see the men charging up the hill, bayonets fixed, and full of keenness to get to close quarters.

"The Germans, however, did not wait long enough. We had to remain all night in the open on the ground occupied. We were wet through, covered with mud, very cold, but quite happy, looking over the ground we had driven the Germans away from. They had made splendid trenches, and I am surprised we took them so easily. They apparently did not like the thought of getting in close touch with the British bayonets.

"The men, as usual, did splendidly, and were only sorry that the Germans did not remain. We want to get a little of our own back. We have been so often under their artillery fire, including that of their 'Jack Johnsons,' with no chance of retaliating."

HARD FIGHTING AND SCANTY FARE.

An Officer's Experience.

A letter from the trenches, written by a British officer in an infantry regiment, has been forwarded for publication. It describes the very hard fighting that took place before the new development on the extreme left of the Allies' armies. The writer, who dates his letter October 7, says—

The first nine days of the Battle of the Aisne were very severe. Once or twice the infantry were engaged with German infantry, but for the most part we were simply holding on to ground in close proximity to our guns, to prevent them from being rushed. During this period the Germans fairly poured in shells, sometimes for hours at a time, and at night, too. You never knew when one would come. They had some very heavy guns up—"Black Marias" or "Little Willies," as we call them. They are most alarming things, but are more useful for knocking down forts than for use against light field entrenchments.

During this period we lost eleven officers and over two hundred men. We have got a lot more guns up, and the German fire is nothing like what it was.

We do get fresh food now, certainly; but both eggs and milk are very scarce. Our fare is chiefly tinned meat and biscuits. Sometimes, in the trenches, we have been several days with only this fare, because it has been impossible to light fires to get even a cup of tea.

GERMANY WILL ATTEMPT

AERIAL INVASION OF BRITAIN.

CAN WE WARD OFF THE ATTACK?

The strenuous endeavours of the Germans to gain positions bordering on the Straits of Dover have served for the publication of the most alarmist reports as to their intentions, and for contemptuous assertions to the effect that whether the enemy gain possession of any bases on the Straits of Dover or not makes absolutely no difference as to what they can do to annoy this country.

The great problem before all classes of airship builders is to utilise as small a proportion as possible of hydrogen, the lifting force, to raise the mere carcase of the airship, so that as large a proportion of the force as possible may be available for lifting crew, fuel, ammunition, or other apparatus required for the purposes of campaign service.

All classes of machines that navigate the air have to carry their fuel supplies with them; therefore, if they are required to make a long voyage nearly all their load-carrying capacity must be employed in lifting the fuel.

Thus, if operating from any base on the North Sea that would require a voyage of 150 miles or more to reach this country, an airship, which always has to return to its base if it is to end its voyage safely, would have to carry fuel for anything between 300 and 400 miles more than would be necessary for it to make an attempt on England from a base such as Calais. Were it operating from that French port the same airship would be able to carry a ton or two more ammunition, because it would want that much less weight of fuel to accomplish the given task.

Lessons of the War.

For these reasons, all talk of the possession of Channel bases as useless to the Germans for the purpose of employing aircraft against us is idle.

"The public must learn the lessons that this war has taught. Many a German move is made not because there is any sense or military object in it, but merely because it is hoped by that means to spread terror. Therefore, though no permanent good, and certainly very little military damage, is likely to result from any German aerial raid over this country, a deal of miscellaneous damage could be done.

Further, the possession of Channel bases would inevitably mean that bomb-dropping expeditions by aeroplane would be possible on the part of a German force operating against this country. If anybody doubts this let him bear in mind the fact that the whole of our Expeditionary Force of aeroplanes has been flown from the bases at which the units were distributed miscellaneously about this country direct to the firing line in France and Belgium.

Let us also bear in mind the increasing effectiveness of armoured aeroplanes, in which connection, so far, the French patterns have, perhaps, come in for most notice. The British forces are, also, not lacking in armoured aeroplane equipment. Indeed, as much of this class of machine as we have personnel to use can be made promptly available.

Possibility of Attack.

It is necessarily matter for speculation as to whether or not Germany's plans for making an aerial invasion of Britain include the use of aeroplanes. From the point of view of range there is no reason whatever why these should not be flown quite effectively from as far as Ostend well into this country. If Germany were to secure bases nearer Calais or Boulogne yet longer excursions could be made by such aeroplanes into Britain. The use of larger machines than appear so far to have been employed on any general scale in the war might not be intended merely for the carrying of greater supplies of petrol—as with the Curtiss-Transatlantic aeroplane, which had to be made on a large scale to carry big stores of fuel, with a corresponding demand for greater motor power—but it might be to enable the capacity for the carrying of bombs or aerial torpedoes to be as great as possible.

The point that must be borne in mind in considering the matter is that Germany as a nation thoroughly believes in the fullest possibilities of the Aerial Arm, has developed it in both directions to a very high pitch, and is prepared to sacrifice its equipment to any extent to achieve any object, which, to its mind, may seem worth while. We must bear in mind that from the theatres where war is now being waged it is possible not only to bring into engagements over this country long-distance and other kinds of airships, but numerous classes of aeroplanes.

The Motive.

The possibilities of warding off any attempted attack on London as a centre may be estimated from the fact that, despite all the vigilance of the French after the first series of attacks on Paris, only a few weeks elapsed before the German airmen succeeded again in slipping through the French patrols and dropping bombs on the French capital. The damage done sufficiently reveals that the motive was one which would not have permitted the Allies to make any corresponding attempt over Berlin.

This point must be kept in mind (says H. Massac Buist in the Morning Post), because it proves that Germany is oftentimes actuated by motives that would not seem sufficient to ourselves. Let us bear in mind also the British aerial raids on Dusseldorf and Cologne, the second of which was also successful, despite the fact that the first visit only a few days previously had caused the utmost precautions to be taken by the Germans.

If German leaders in the field realise, as doubtless they do, that the campaign on land can now have only one ending, in that they failed to take Paris and that the Russians are upon them in full force in the East, then doubtless they may be the more inclined to strive to retrieve their damaged prestige in the eyes of their own countrymen by making a mere theatrical display against this country and demonstrating to the German nation that when they said they could get to the coast by the Straits of Dover they were not talking idly, because they have already achieved part of that object in reaching Ostend.

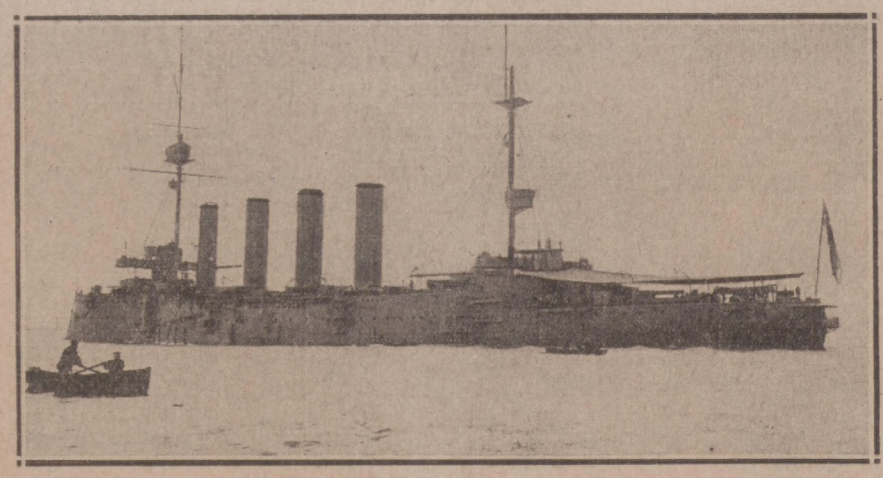
Four Possible Schemes.

Germany may never make an aerial attempt in this country. But all things considered, the chances are that she will do so. She may send only one airship at a time, or she may employ a fleet of airships, and those merely the largest Zeppelins operating from Cuxhaven and Heligoland, or she may employ this class of vessel in combination with smaller ones, even those of the overland semi-rigid and non-rigid types, operating from Belgium or the French coast, or she may employ all these machines in combination with a fleet of aeroplanes. If she uses all her aerial forces there is no occasion for a scare in this country. But it is better for the public to be calmly prepared for the eventuality.

The greatest danger would be for the public to be lulled into a false sense of security, as, for example, by nursing the belief that an aerial invasion of this country is impossible. It is not impossible; on the contrary, it is highly possible, and eminently probable. But, even if every form of aircraft Germany possessed were brought against us, and each unit succeeded in doing damage, the total would be nothing to shock us, though it would cause very great irritation. For the most part the damage could be only a purely random character of a non-military value.

Such an aerial invasion may occur at any moment. If it does, the damage we may receive at home would assuredly be more than countered by the fact that Germany would have shot her aerial bolt largely in vain, because we are not without the means of accounting for a very satisfactory percentage of any aerial fleet that may be sent against us. This would mean that for her operations in the real theatres of war our enemy would be deprived in a night of a very high proportion, not of her aircraft only, but also of her aerial personnel.

BRITISH CRUISER SUNK OFF CHILIAN COAST.



H.M.S. Good Hope, which has been sunk in an engagement on the coast of Chili. L.N.A.

"SOS" AS A TRAP.

German Cruiser's Mean Trick to Catch British Steamer.

Accounts of an attempt by a German commerce raider to catch a British steamer by false S O S signals were given by passengers by the steamer Remuera, which arrived at Plymouth from New Zealand and South America.

On the way to Cape Town two German cruisers threatened the liner, and later another sent out S O S signals as bait to trap the mail steamer.

After leaving Monte Video the Remuera sighted the smoke of a warship while a fancy-dress ball was proceeding. The steamer extinguished all lights, steamed full speed, and changed her course. The next day the warship was out of sight.

DUNDEE DOCTOR AT THE FRONT

TELLS OF AVIATOR'S DARING.

WORK OF AMBULANCE AND ARMOURED TRAINS.

A Dundee doctor now on active service in one of the hospital trains in France gives the following narrative of his experiences in a letter to a friend at home:—

To-day one of the ambulance trains brought down a great lot of Indian wounded. They are rare fighters. When wounded their faces are motionless and expressionless, but their eyes are wide, and turn from side to side. They do look fine, too, and are as keen as a knife.

The other day I went over one of the armoured trains. They are awfully powerful, and run along at a great speed. I expect you have all seen photographs of them in the papers. I saw one going into action. All the armour is painted yellow and green, and the series of iron boxes look like trees in the distance. They are manned by tars. The other day they hit a German gun right on the "snout."

Hooking German Aeroplanes.

Now we see a lot of German aeroplanes. They hover over our train very often, but we have a red cross on top—at least there was one there one time or other. Our train has escaped shelling and bombs as yet, but all the others have had a good share.

A French aviator has a monoplane which flies 125 miles an hour. He carries a long coil of wire, flies over the slower German Taube, lowers his coil of wire, and entangles the enemy's propellers. It affords him great amusement, appearing to be like fishing for "poodlies" at Broughty Ferry pier.

Well, I have talked about aeroplanes and trains. Now for ships. We see quite a number of French torpedo boats. They are much smaller than ours, and instead of having a fairly flat deck they have one like that of our submarines. They lie very low in the water, but are quite smart.

We call the London Scottish the Boy Scouts, because they are so useful, and are to be found everywhere. I think they will know by now what it is to stay in trenches under heavy fire in the cold biting wind and drenching rain.

Brave fellows! However, we all have to do it, and are doing it willingly and thus well.

Yesterday (October 31) we waited at Hazebrook from 4.30 p.m. until 1 p.m. to get up to Ypres. At Hazebrook I say my friend, Dr ——, who is frightfully keen on firing at German aeroplanes. He keeps a rifle beside him at night.

Stiff Work in Belgium.

Well, we got into Belgium and heard terrific firing. For three hours in the afternoon eight aeroplanes (British) were shelled not more than two or three miles from us. We paid no heed to them, although we saw one aeroplane wheel hard and "hop it" as twenty shrapnel shells burst round it simultaneously.

The firing was too close to be comfortable, and when we got into Ypres a large number of our troops had retired far behind our defenceless hospital train. The Royal Engineers pulled down the wires. Wounded were innumerable and so were the dead. The retreats from Mons and the Aisne were bad enough, but this is indescribable.

By the time we loaded the Royal Engineers were putting up their wires again—a glorious move forward. One of the armoured trains was there. It had done great damage, but had a very near "squeak."

London Scottish in the Trenches.

Eight hundred of the London Scottish went into the trenches yesterday afternoon. They had to do it in daylight under the heavy fire of machine guns, &c. Desperate, wasn't it? Some of them we brought down. I brought one down in my own room. What a night I spent. We cannot bear to have a death when they are so near their own homes.

GERMAN CRUISER'S MEAN TRICK TO CATCH BRITISH STEAMER.

Accounts of an attempt by a German commerce raider to catch a British steamer by false S O S signals were given by passengers by the steamer Remuera, which arrived at Plymouth from New Zealand and South America.

On the way to Cape Town two German cruisers threatened the liner, and later another sent out S O S signals as bait to trap the mail steamer.

After leaving Monte Video the Remuera sighted the smoke of a warship while a fancy-dress ball was proceeding. The steamer extinguished all lights, steamed full speed, and changed her course. The next day the warship was out of sight.

ECHOES OF THE WAR.

The elephants, the only animals left in the Antwerp Zoo, are being used for military traction purposes.

Every house in the little Norfolk village of Coxford, near East Rudham, has sent a man to serve with the colours.

Several Catholic churches in Northern France were open to the Jewish soldiers to enable them to attend Divine service on the Day of Atonement.

The German Government has confiscated 20,000,000 marks (£1,000,000) belonging to the Bank of Finland and deposited it with various German banks.

Owing to the dearth of matches a public subscription has been opened in Berlin to supply German soldiers at the front with tinder and flint for lighting their pipes.

Petrograd street hawkers are doing good business in German shrapnel splinters. The "bomb merchants," as they are called, get them direct from the battlefields of Poland.

Judge Rentoul, K.C., announced in the City of London Court that while the war lasted he would make no committal order under a judgment summons at the instance of any plaintiff.

Sergeant-Major W. Jones, of the Loyal North Lancashires, has attained that rank in three months. He is twenty-seven years of age, and on 4th August was a private in the Reserves.

The Exchequer returns to the close of October show that the British expenditure on the war since the beginning of August has been approximately £80,000,000, or about a million pounds a day.

Near Warsaw some peasants found huge mounds surmounted by crosses and German helmets. Being suspicious they made a search and discovered piles of ammunition and German quick-firers.

A girl, 15 years of age, staying with her aunt at Strasburg, on the day of the declaration of war left that city for Basle. She has just reached her destination after experiencing extreme difficulty.

A woman named Bataille, eighty years of age, living in Thuit-Anger, a French village, has seven sons at the front, six of whom are wounded in hospital, and the other a prisoner in the hands of the enemy.

The German soldiers retreating from Poland have carried off with them a large number of Polish girls. Many of them to save themselves from the unwelcome attention of the Huns resorted to making up as old beggar women.

The organisation of rifle clubs for ladies is spreading rapidly throughout the country. In one of the latest, that at Gateshead, 150 ladies have given in their names in little over a week, and proposals for a uniform are already under consideration.

A girl belonging to Madrid learned from a German source that the inhabitants of London were starving, and that they were being fed on bread, two thirds of which were baked potato peelings, offered to send a friend some Spanish cakes.

Lessons now finish half an hour earlier each day in the London County Council schools, so that the scholars may return home in daylight. The same period as usual is devoted to study, but the interval for dinner is shortened by thirty minutes.

The Turkish authorities have deported from Constantinople a whole shipload of Turkish women who agitated against the policy of the Ottoman Government. Among the deportees is Mme. Melikahanum, the leader of the Turkish Suffragettes.

When the Germans entered Ostend the first question they asked was, "Where is the ocean?" All were eager to look on the sea, and many were seeing it for the first time in their lives; and they peered anxiously across the water to where Britain lies.

There is a famine of boys in South-East London owing to the enormous number who have been given employment at Woolwich Arsenal in working bullet-making and other machines. Of the 6000 now engaged there many have only just left school.

France continues to pursue calmly her campaign against the "enemy" in her midst. In the Seine Department alone 20,000 German tradesmen and 100,000 private individuals have been arrested, and the Paris branch of the Dresdner Bank has been sequestrated.

The City Council of Moscow is organising a one day street collection in aid of the Belgian refugees. A special medal bearing the portrait of King Albert and Coats of Arms of Belgium and Moscow will be sold and a gold copy of the medal presented to King Albert.

A letter from Lagos says:—"Dr Jackson Moore has just come up from the Cameroons in charge of a lot of German prisoners. He showed us two dum-dum bullets taken from the pocket of a dead German, and a five-mark banknote, 'to be honoured in Germany one year after date.'"

A woman town-crier has been installed at Chertsey, the regular occupant of the office, Sergeant Blaker, of the 6th East Surrey Regiment, and his only son, having rallied to the colours. The post is now filled by Mrs Blaker, the sergeant's wife, who wears a uniform of the Georgian period.

Mrs Pankhurst announces that "the struggle for the full franchisement of women hasn't been abandoned; it has simply for the moment been placed in abeyance. When the clash of arms ceases, when normal, peaceful, rational society resumes its functions, the demand will again be made."

A member of the Australian expedition which captured the German official yacht Comet off New Guinea states that when the vessel was seized most of the crew were asleep, and the captain was shaving. The latter's only comment was that he was "sorry to have been taken so easily without a scrap."

In the village of Eldon, near Bishop Auckland, nearly 2000 people gathered at the wedding of two Belgian refugees. The bridegroom left blazing Antwerp just before it fell, and made his way into Holland. He met there a lady refugee, who had walked through Dutch territory for thirty-three hours. She is now his wife.

Orders have been issued by the Federal Council of the German Empire that on and after November 4 no bread other than that containing from 5 to 20 per cent. of potato flour will be allowed to be baked. Such bread is to be sold under the name of "K bread," the letter K standing for kartoffel (potatoes).

JUDGE AND GERMAN OFFICERS.—When the Germans rifled his residence at Kixensart, near Brussels, M. Terlinden, the well-known Belgian judge, lodged a complaint with Marshal von der Goltz, the German Governor. Von der Goltz invited M. Terlinden to come and see a quantity of silver which was about to be sent to Germany, and pick out his property. "None of my plate is there," said M. Terlinden. "Never mind," said Von der Goltz. "If it's not yours, it is someone else's. Take your pick!" To this offer the Belgian Judge returned a scornful refusal.

GERMANS SOB AND CRY,

"OH! IF WE COULD ONLY GET BACK."

THEIR FEAR OF MEETING BRITISH.

The special correspondent of the Independence Belge writes:—The Germans entered Blankenberge on Thursday morning singing "The Wacht am Rhein." They took possession of the Casino and prepared to lodge there. Then, noticing that the Hotel de Familles, which is next door, was closed and boarded up, they broke up the boarding and effected an entrance into the hotel. The proprietor of the hotel and his family had succeeded in leaving shortly before the Germans arrived, but were unable to remove their furniture and the equipment of the hotel. The Huns were not slow in appropriating the carpets for the covering of their horses.

Breaking into the wine-cellars, which were well stocked with choice wines, they made merry and drank freely, and now every day serve their table with these choice wines. When a detachment leaves for the south or Ostend the bedding is removed, along with any furniture they find convenient. So that shortly the hotel will be completely emptied.

The tax offices and Post Office were also entered and rifled of a sum amounting to 5480 francs (about £220).

Sunday Service.

Every Sunday on the seashore (le plage) the soldiers are arranged in squares around a table in the centre, which serves as a pulpit for a Protestant minister. After the sermon the soldiers take part in singing one or other of their favourite hymns.

This incongruous attitude, in view of the barbarous and atrocious manner in which they have conducted the war, is spectacular in a sense that it only adds to the many revelations of their outer inability to comprehend their professed religion and thus make a mockery of it.

In Blankenberghe no news can be had of the war, and there are no trains to Bruges. The tramcars run irregularly.

A Poor Lot.

Although deprived of news I feel confident of success in the end. I have seen seventen different German regiments coming from Nancy and Soissons passing by here—evidently a very poor lot, as all are above the age of forty.

But some of the Germans are not without heart or feeling, as I noticed when three of them came into the cafe where I was seated with my three children. At the sight of these children, two of the Germans burst into tears, one of them saying—"I have a wife and five children at home, and in November we expect another." Everyone felt deeply for them, knowing that war was not of their seeking.

I went lately to Ostend and Middelkerke; the Germans sustained a terrible defeat. The whole road was strewn with corpses.

Fear of British.

The British Fleet completely destroyed three villages—Slype, St Pieterscapelle, and Lombardzyde.

At Blankenberghe on the whole the Germans conduct themselves well. I lodged twenty the other night. They behaved reasonably, and several even thanked me. They told me they were going to Calais to fire on England. I told them they would have to get there first, and they admitted it would not be easy.

They thought that their armies had already reached Paris. I showed them the map of the British journals showing the line indicating the disposition of the armies. They were very much astonished. They have a terrible fear of the British, and many of them have deserted.

Last night three German uniforms were found in the park.

Yesterday I met three German soldiers sobbing like children, saying "Oh! if we could only get back."

In a hotel those that were mounted on guard came indoors at 11 o'clock, remarking in a surly tone, "The Emperor can keep guard himself. We have had enough of it." This is absolutely authentic.

BREACHES OF CIVILISED WARFARE.

British Officer's Grave Allegations.

The following extracts from a letter from a British officer with the Expeditionary Force give a circumstantial account of gross breaches by German troops of the laws of civilised warfare:—

"The Germans are still catching out some of our battalions by tricks. Two nights ago a man dressed as a British staff officer suddenly appeared in our trenches and shouted out—'Is Captain So-and-So here?'

"The captain named was there. He then said—'You must retire at once.' As the captain demurred, the man d——d him into heaps for not obeying at once, so the order was given to retire. As the man stood up the Germans fired three volleys, and killed a lot, including Captain ——.

"Yesterday they captured a few men of the —— Regiment, and, after taking their equipment off them, they said—'Now you may go.' As they walked away unarmed the Germans fired at them, killing or wounding nearly the whole party. They were shortly afterwards picked up by our side and put into ambulances.

"The Germans then fired at the ambulances, and one of the wounded men had his head taken off by a shell. Our men buried him in our field.

"Our Tommy is such a clean fighter, and such a gentleman in comparison. Only today I saw four of our men carrying back a wounded German in a stretcher, and he was smoking one of their cigarettes, which, by the way, are fairly scarce. The more one sees of our infantry the greater is one's admiration for them. They are all absolute heroes."

CAPTURED SIX SINGLE-HANDED.—A single Russian soldier has captured six Germans. This is how he did it. First, they captured him in a wood, and then they lost their way. The captive Russian offered to lead them. "You would only take us to your camp," they objected. "That would be better than dying here in the wood from starvation," the Russian argued. The Germans agreed, and the Russian brought them safely into his own camp.

GRAND FREE SUPPLEMENT

THE BATTLE RECITER

No. 2.

ISN'T there a thrill about a stirring war recitation? Yes, and in this Battle Reciter you have a unique opportunity of getting a collection of the finest that have ever been written. Just look at the titles of some of the contents and you will at once realise how it will be worth your while to get this Splendid Supplement.

The Soldier's Return.
The Battle of Blenheim.
The Black Regiment.
The Sack of Baltimore.
The Battle of Marston Moor.
John Burns of Gettysburgh.
Irishwoman's Letter.
Battle of the Baltic.
Field of Waterloo.
Boadicea.
Barbara Freitchie.
The Deserter.
Death of Murat.
The Wounded Hussar.
Napoleon's Midnight Review.
Old Ironsides.
Death of De Boune.
Heights of Alma.
Highlanders and Havelock.
The Soldier's Funeral.

PRESENTED WITH EVERY COPY OF THIS WEEK'S

WEEKLY WELCOME

OUT ON THURSDAY, NOV. 12. PRICE ONE PENNY.

ALLURED BY THE GLAMOUR OF THE LAND OF THE SPHINX

THE Kaiser has been distributing his Iron Crosses with a lavish hand, and —unintentionally—he has just administered the Order of the Boot to Turkey!

By inciting the Sick Man of Europe to enter the field as his ally, William the Unscrupulous has sealed the fate of the Orient in Europe, and is likely to fail in his object of stirring up an Islamic holy war. Already indications are forthcoming from India and Africa that Mohammedans' sympathies are with Great Britain and her Allies.

Turkey's attitude, in the light of the events of the past few years, is not surprising, for the once proud and honoured Empire is practically under the suzerainty of Germany. The latter's Christian Kaiser has secretly backed the nation that has outraged every decency that a white man holds sacred. Turkey's army has been trained by German officers and supplied with accoutrements from Krupps, the navy has been strengthened by German cruisers and manned by Teutonic seamen, and Turkey's rulers have for long been in the pay of Berlin.

Great Britain, with amazing nonchalance, has permitted Germany to gain this position of superiority in the Near East—a superiority rendered all the more formidable by the great Bagdad Railway. In pursuit of world empire Germany had peacefully but none the less effectively extended her influence right to the very gates of India. As the result of this war that menace to the British Empire will, we all hope and believe, cease to exist, and as a further result of Turkey's action, the "bag-and-baggage" policy of expulsion from Europe, long advocated in Britain, will at last be adopted.

Enver Pasha, Germany's friend, the man who has more than any other aided German diplomats and officers in pushing Turkey over the abyss, is a sinister figure. As the leader of the Young Turks he successfully caused the dethronement of Abdul Hamid, and since then he has been a willing tool of Germany.

He is a soldier of no mean ability, but neither he nor the German generals responsible for the training of the Turkish Army have much to congratulate themselves upon in regard to the conduct of their troops during the Balkan War. Indeed, that war proved very humiliating to the Germans, and somewhat upset their theories regarding the invincibility of their arms.

Probably no man in Europe—unless it be the German Emperor himself—has attained so much notoriety on so small a basis of talent as Enver Pasha, writes one who knows him.

To-day he figures as the man who is plunging Turkey into a suicidal war with the Allies. Six years ago, a "Hero of Liberty," he started with Niazi Bey the revolution which was to overthrow the despotism of Abdul Hamid, and inaugurate Liberty, Equality, Fraternity within the Ottoman Empire and peace with the rest of the world.

Since then Turkey has engaged in two disastrous wars, and is entering upon a third. In domestic affairs she has turned her house upside down and left it scarcely better ordered than it was in the days of Abdul. By an irony of fate this neat and dapper young man, with the clean-shaven cheeks and the curled, waxed moustache, presided for a moment at the birth of Young Turkey, and seems likely to preside at its obsequies.

How the Sultan Was Held Captive

So far as the Sultan is concerned, we may rest assured that he has had little say in the decision come to by his advisers. His career is one of the strangest and undoubtedly most unique of any reigning Sovereign. Mehmed V. of Turkey was called from captivity to succeed his notorious brother. Mr G. Ward Price tells us that throughout his whole manhood, during the reign of Abdul Hamid, he lived a State prisoner, his very life at the mercy of the whim of a Royal brother whose mind was suspicious to the point of mania, and whose cruelty was so ruthless that the vaguest inkling of Mehmed's ultimate destiny as his successor would have been enough to move Abdul Hamid to add fratricide to his many other crimes.

Dogged and shadowed always by his brother's spies, Mehmed had all knowledge of the world kept from him. He could not leave the capital for a single day. He was not allowed to receive the visits of foreign travellers in Turkey; he was completely cut off even from the society of his own country-men. No one in Constantinople dared pass the gates of his palace-prison without Abdul Hamid's leave.

This surveillance of Mehmed was carried to insensate lengths. Even on occasions when he was allowed to go for a drive into the country spies followed him on horseback. One of their duties was to take the name of any hapless passer-by who, recognising the Heir-Apparent, should venture to salute him with a salaam. Those whose courtesy led them into this mistake were immediately arrested as potential traitors and "interrogated." Many paid the penalty of exile for their good breeding. For nineteen years Mehmed never saw the brother who was his gaoler, and who lived only about two miles away!

When he ascended the throne five years ago he was said to have declared that he had not read any newspaper for twenty years. Although on every way superior to his wretched brother, he had neither the training nor experience to enable him to cope with the clever and cunning Teutons who surrounded the throne, and probably he has entered upon this war, as has his Grand Vizier, with doubts and forebodings.

A Thorough "White Man."

There can be no question that if Said Halim, the Grand Vizier, had had his way Turkey would to-day be neutral. He has always been friendly to Great Britain, and is a prince of Egypt's dynasty.

Said Halim was educated in Geneva, and speaks good English, French, and German. Abdul Hamid, the ex-Sultan, made him a member of the Council of State, and Said Halim, though a member for twenty years, never opened his mouth. People said—"What a nonentity!"

Abdul Hamid, who suspected chatterers, suspected still more the taciturn, and he put Said Halim under police supervision. But silent Said Halim communed with the Young Turks, and gave them half his fortune. Only once Said Halim showed spirit. Abdul Hamid ordered a search for arms in his palace. The police made off with Said Halim's fine collection of old weapons, none younger than two hundred years, including a Saracen crossbow. Quiet Said Halim took his steam launch to Ortakeoi, marched through opposing sentries into Yildiz Kiosk, and bounced into Abdul Hamid's study.

Abdul shrank. Said Halim sat down, and said he would not leave until he got his Saracen crossbow. Abdul Hamid was then in trouble. He had just held stormy converse with Russia's Ambassador, and he climbed ignominiously down.

Snubbed Uncivil Ambassador.

Said Halim has been described as a thorough white man, and a good story is told of how he snubbed into civility and servility Austria's lively Ambassador, Marquis Pallavicini. Marquis Pallavicini spends the summer at Jenikeoi, just to the north of Said Halim's palace, and he had a bad habit, learned in Abdul Hamid's days, of dropping in on Grand Viziers and demanding to be seen at any time. This the Viziers disliked, but they lacked the courage to show their resentment.

Two days after Said Halim's appointment the Marquis called at Stenia Palace. Said Halim gave him two minutes and one fingertip, with the remark, "Now I have an appointment," he left the room. This did not cure Austria's representative. But the next time he came unannounced Said Halim's secretary said his master had gone to the Porte. As Pallavicini departed he saw Said Halim ostentatiously watering roses in his garden. Thereafter the Austrian Ambassador had to treat the Grand Vizier with the respect due to his rank. To-day it would be interesting to know exactly what Said Halim thinks of his German and Austrian allies.

What Does Abdul Think?

The ex-Sultan has been described as the most miserable man in Europe, and in his prison villa at Salonica he has doubtless learned of his Empire's intention voluntarily to commit suicide. How this most unspeakable of all the Turks kept his throne so long, and friendship of great European countries like our own, is the marvel of history.

Publicly cursed from the pulpit, called "Abdul the Damned," "the Great Assassin," and "Red Sultan," and other equally appropriate names, Abdul Hamid, although an ignorant and wretched man, was one of the most astute of Diplomats. He knew the little idiosyncracies of each of the great Powers to a nicety, and he cultivated the trick of playing them off against each other until he raised it to the rank of a fine art.

His method was something after this style. When the Ambassador of an indignant Power demanded redress for some grievance, Abdul laid subtle traps for him, into which the Diplomat rushed blindly. Then Abdul called the attention of the other Powers to the aggressive action of the complainant, and winked and dropped mysterious hints about the nice things he had in store for the Powers who helped him to restrain the said complainant.

Then all the Powers would start to quarrel amongst themselves, and Abdul would lie happily low and say nuffin'. By the time he tools came to claim their reward he had made other friends, and to them he ran with a bitter complaint about this new aggression.

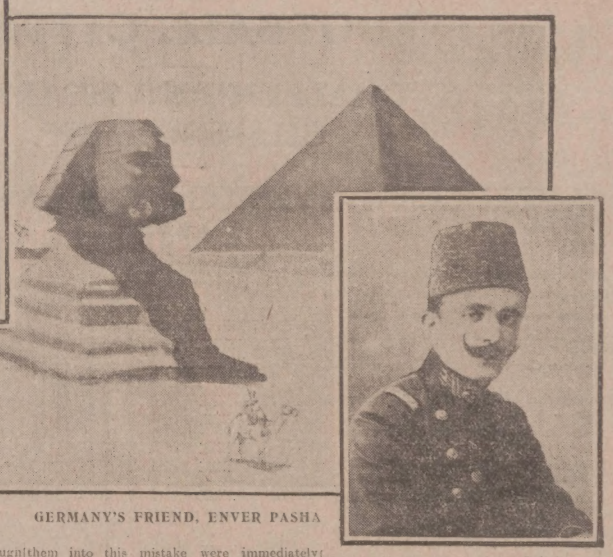
The Young Turks.

The Young Turks did a splendid thing when they rose in revolt and deposed this hardened old reprobate, but if their ultimate objective was Pan-Islamism, they have chosen the wrong moment for its success. This present attempt on Germany's part to array against each other the creeds and races of the East is doomed to failure. Already our Indian and Egyptian Moslems have expressed their loyalty in the most emphatic terms, and though Germany and Turkey anxiously covet the land of the Sphinx and the pyramid, Britain's sway there is not seriously endangered.

Regarding the population of Turkey, the races of comparatively unmixed blood are the Arabs, the Armenians, the Albanians, and the Kurds. The most mixed race in the Empire is probably the Turkish, using the word in its strict sense so as to exclude other Moslem subjects of Turkey, like the Arabs, Albanians, and Pomaks.

The great majority of the inhabitants of Asia Minor are Moslems, while those inhabiting European Turkey are mostly Christians. Diversity in race and religion, and the long-enduring traditions of ancient peoples, make up a population which is a singular medley. No serious attempt has ever been made to unify the races.

THE SULTAN MEHMED V.



GERMANY'S FRIEND, ENVER PASHA

TURKEY GOBBLES THE BAIT OF THE GERMAN EAGLE.

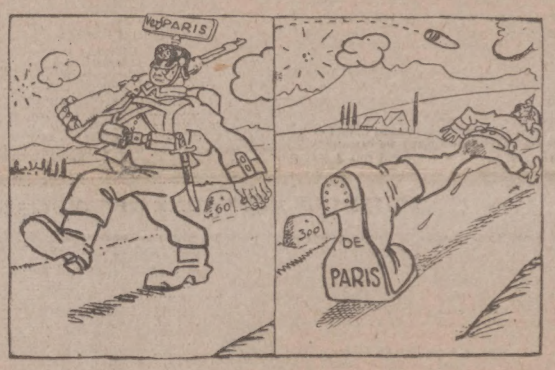
WAR CARTOONS

Reflecting Public Opinion in Many Lands.

SHAKESPEARE REVISED.

Chicago Daily News.

THE ORDER OF THE BOOT.



La Campana de Gracia (Spain).

IN THE LOWER REGIONS.

"Your Satanic Majesty, Attila, Tamerlane, and Wallenstein wish to speak with you."
"Show them in."

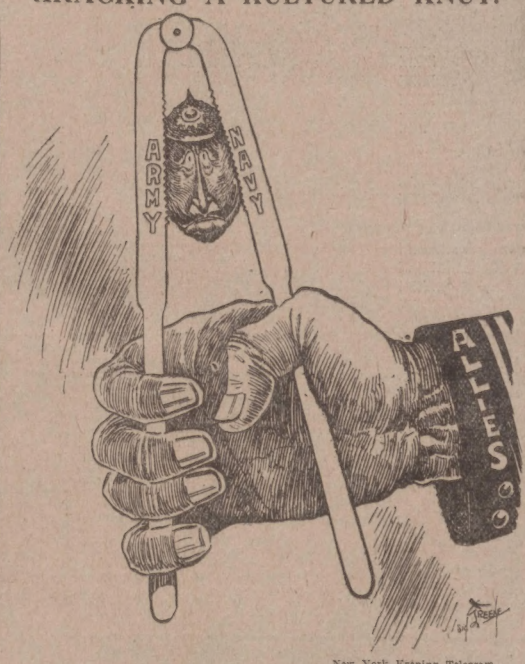
"William is also with them."
"Help!"

From the Italian paper Pasquino.

THE HOMING PIGEON.

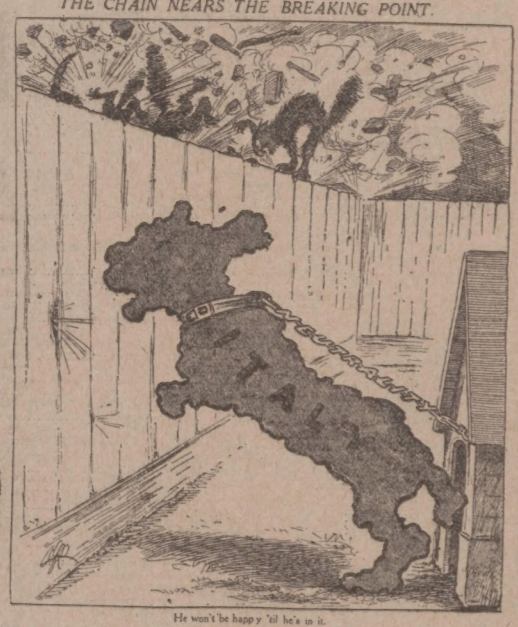
New York Evening Telegram.

KRACKING A KULTURED KNUT.



New York Evening Telegram.

THE CHAIN NEARS THE BREAKING POINT.



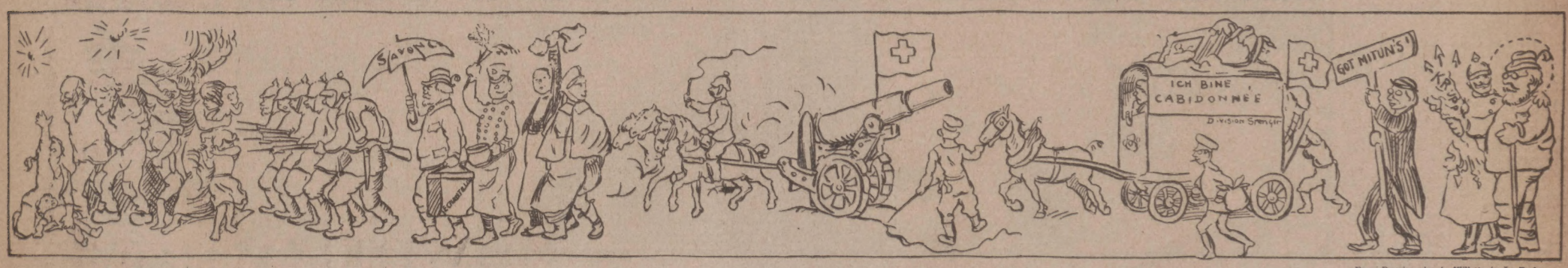
He won't be happy 'til he's in it.

Montreal Daily Star.

A LONDON FAMILY AT DINNER.

Boston Sunday Globe.

THE MARCH OF THE GERMAN ARMY AS PICTURED BY A FAMOUS FRENCH CARTOONIST.



THE UNWILLING ADVANCE GUARD. WITH FIXED BAYONETS. THE SPY BRIGADE. RED CROSS MATERIAL. THE LOOT WAGGON.

From Drawings by A. Willette in Le Barbare.
KRUPP, THE GERMAN IDOL.

CELTIC AND HEARTS GOING STRONG.

THIRD LANARK'S HOME RECORD HOLDS.

CRISP CRITICISM OF LEADING MATCHES AND PLAYERS.

Hearts v. Clyde was the most important match in St Mungo. It was played in Zeppelin weather. The attendance reflected the war drain and the unique times in which we wait and hope.

The Hearts made most of the running to start with. There was a refreshing nip about their play, and a shrewd understanding. Clyde defended vigorously. M'Turk cleared a beauty from Low—right from the touch line. The home backs had loads of graft. They got through it all serene, with M'Turk ever vigilant. But there was twice when the latter was beaten—that is, if something hadn't happened. A Heart missed an open goal, this being followed by a very lucky clearance by Gilligan, with M'Turk at the other end of the gap.

After this Clyde's attack did some business, but it generally seemed as if the Hearts' defence was the better in the battle. Crossan and Currie kicked with power and precision, and the Edinburgh middle line played up to its reputation. Twenty minutes elapsed ere Boyd made a save. Then it was an easy one. But the next minute Pat Allan almost banged ball and keeper into the net.

It was a good game to see. There was a fine swing in it, with Hearts having slightly the better of the exchanges, although Gracie was on the slow side, and none too deadly with his passing to the wings. Gilligan was very handy in the goal area, where his first time hitches relieved strong pressure time and again.

CLYDE'S DEFENCE GUESSING.

Hearts gave a show of class combination at the end of half an hour. Half-backs and forwards took part in the movement. The ball went from wing to wing, with Clyde's defence guessing. But it wound up in a corner only, which bore no fruit.

Soon after Hearts were full in the eye again. Clyde were surely and steadily driven upon their goal. The Tynecastle superiority was marked. Low, showing great speed, put in a corking centre. But the defence held out. Then Briggs began a glorious movement. Low took it up, and turned the ball across with a perfect kick. Clyde's halves and backs were gathered near M'Turk. Hearts' attack was defied.

Next came a distinct surprise. Owers, standing well down, gathered a long pass. Carrie challenged him successfully. But Clyde came again—this time with full success. The ball was battered in from the left. Hearts' defence wavered for a moment. It was long enough for Black to get on the job. He was close in. He worked in closer, and, with a shot which struck the under side of the bar, Boyd was beaten.

It was rather rough on the Hearts, but the movement was quite worthy of the goal. Clyde were hard in hold after that. Owers, Milligan, and Cranston each missed a pinch, when the ball rolled past them from the right with the Edinburgh defence in a bit of a tangle. Milligan had another opportunity a few minutes later, but he declined it also. And so the home lot led at the interval.

GRUELLING PLAY.

There was gruelling play in the last half. How Hearts strove to get level. How Clyde stuck in not only to keep their lead but to increase it. In both goalmouths there were passages crammed with excitement. To and fro the play swept. Pat Allan had a terrific shot, which was a shade out of direction. Hearts had a splendid chance to equalise, and would have equalised but for Gilligan who, after a fair charge, lay as if badly hurt. Hearts had an open goal, and Wattie was just their stride they were pretty much in the attacking picture. Severe pressure was put upon Kilmarnock's goal. Now and again a burst away relieved it, but these bursts only served to intensify the returning pressure. But it took the Celts fully twenty minutes to open their account. That was somewhat surprising. M'Menemy was the marksman, and his goal was a fitting finish to some very clever dribbling by the wily Celt, who had a handful of Killie lads guessing. M'Menemy scored the second goal, thanks to M'Atee's centre. Right up to the end there was never any doubt as to the winners.

Except for a few minutes at the start the Celts predominated, and if Kilmarnock did disappoint their supporters yet they strove earnestly against an admittedly more powerful and more skilful side. M'Atee and Browning were very clever—too clever for the young Killie backs. The home forwards lacked the calculating methods of the Celtic five. M'Kellar being the only one who really shone.

ABERDEEN AND DUNDEE BEATEN.

Raith Rovers pleased their supporters by a win at Aberdeen.

They played a good game, and were helped to achieve their success by an accident to Main, the Dons' centre, and the ordering off the field of Wyllie, the Aberdeen pivot.

Still, the Rovers were a clever side, and even with their full complement Aberdeen would have been hard pushed to keep the Fifers out. The Dons began confidently, and the Raith goal was sorely menaced. Then the venue changed, and the Rovers gave more than they got, but Colman and Hume defended in good style. Afterwards Aberdeen were in the picture, but the forwards showed their usual failing. They could not score until Main, getting hold of a cross, banged beautifully into the net. Rovers soon equalised, and in the last half, when the homesters lost two men, held the whiphand and won comfortably. Turner and Reid scoring. Neish, Morrison, Porter, and Anderson were strong in defence. Colman and Hume impressed. Neither forward line was at its best, but the Rovers was the nippier.

Morton eclipsed Dundee, who were lucky to get off with a 2-0 defeat. Generally the Greenock men were superior, and at half-back were a mile ahead. The side showed far more method, and it was the good understanding between the players which led to Dundee's defeat. In all departments Morton were better. Their defence was brilliant. Ormonde and Manager Tom Watson, of Liverpool, has taken a fancy to a well-known Ayrshire junior. He plays for a club not one hundred miles from Saltcoats.

Will Manager Richardson, of Raith, "bag" two of these Glencraig boys he has been inquiring about? You'll wonder, Johnny, how I come to know about this?

Is there any truth in the rumour—these rumours!—that the Lochgelly centre forward is being watched on behalf of Hearts—and others? I am only curious.

It will surprise some people to know that Hibs have not won a League match since September 21. Wonderful memory mine, isn't it? They lost six matches in succession.

Heard that great gag about a Glasgow footballer stationed at Inchgarvie? A porpoise came diving up the Firth, and the usual "Halt! Who goes there?" was asked three times. He thought, of course, that it was a submarine. —x x x— The porpoise is dead.

HARD LINES FOR HAMILTON.

Then Hamilton woke up. They became too lively, failing in their eagerness to clinch one or two good opportunities. Unfortunately for the Thistle, Branscombe was damaged, and had to retire. The Accies pressed hard and often, and Husband scored.

In the second half the home side held a distinct advantage. They for a long time did everything except score. The pressure on the Thistle goal was severe and sustained. Campbell was frightfully busy. The Accies were not strong in finishing. The Jags give nix away in defending. Hanlon at last equalised. Afterwards Hamilton pressed for all they were worth, but there was nothing doing, and the game was drawn.

The Accies should have won. For three-fourths of the game Partick were defending. Until Bransoombe was hurt the Jags went extremely well. After that the homesters took the game in hand. Whittle and M'Intyre were prominent forwards. The Accies did not really strike their game until the second period. Then they played with astonishing dash, but failed to do more than equalise. They had not the best of luck against a very stubborn defence. M'Namee, Husband, Hanlon, and Stewart were the pick of the side.

AYR'S LUCK.

It was a bright display at Brockville. Ayr had Connolly for Goodwin, and Falkirk missed Reilly, their stalwart half-back. The visitors left a very favourable impression, but on the run of the game, the Bairns were, if anything, the better side. The Chickens started in convincing style, and were not long in opening their account. Richardson did the trick, after clever outfield play. Stewart made a supreme effort to save, but he was too late. Falkirk played hard for the equaliser. And it was not long till it arrived. Robertson was the scorer.

Play was very keen in the second period. Falkirk made the pace. Ayr's defence was burdened with graft, but did remarkably well. Lyall made some stunning saves. The United, however, were not idle in attack. The Bairns did not have matters all their own way. Connolly ought to have given his side the lead. He had a gilt-edged thing, which he threw away.

Falkirk were the superior side in the closing period. Lyall was the hero of the Ayr team. Dainty was good, and Richardson speedy. For the Bairns Thomson and Ramsay were clever, and M'Donald sound at half-back. A draw rather flattered the United.

CELTS TOO CLEVER.

Celtic made no mistake at Rugby Park. They were early the stronger combination, beaten but not disgraced. They fought a good, uphill fight, but they caught Celts when Celts were in the mood.

Play was slow at the start, Celtic feeling their way cautiously. Once they got into

ABOUT THE PLAYERS.

It was a hot match. The better side won. There was no doubt as to that. But Clyde played perhaps their best game of the season. They were rather weak in the van, where Owers failed to lead, and the line never sparkled like that of the Hearts. M'Andrew was a wonderful pivot. Collins, playing cleverly, had often too big a handful in Low and Wattie. Black was good. The backs were always prominent. Gilligan was very successful, and at times rather lucky. M'Turk kept a capital goal.

Hearts' backs were beggars for graft. They kicked with tremendous force, sometimes they tackled brilliantly, at other times they didn't. But they're a coming pair, with Currie a man to specially watch. Briggs was the best half-back on the field. Hearts have a stunning middle line. Mercer was very in the eye, even when in the second period he limped a bit. Peter Nellies—Peter was A1. And the van at times showed grand combination. Gracie was slow, but he was good, taking the whole game into consideration. Low was slick, sweet, and dangerous. Wattie mated him well. The left wing was the least effective. Wilson was subdued by Gilligan, and Harry Graham never touched his best.

REID'S REVIVAL.

The outstanding feature of the match at Broomfield Park between the 'Onians and Motherwell was the goal-scoring feat of Jamie Reid. Jamie had three goals in a game in which the goalkeepers had plenty to do—the sort of games which rivet the crowd and shove up the enthusiasm.

This win was needed by the 'Onians, who have not been pleasing their supporters. That they won on these grounds cannot be questioned. That the football was of a high order was not the case. It was a regular local Derby, and in games where local heat is engendered high-class play is never seen.

The 'Onians played the short give and take, with long passes down the centre to Reid, who seemed desperately anxious to brighten his goal-scoring reputation, which had lately suffered a little damage. Airdrie's defence showed marked improvement. In the second period the home halves fairly mastered Motherwell's forwards.

Motherwell opened in gratifying fashion, raising the hopes of their followers. Bond distinguished himself on the right. His work was at times brilliant, individually; but the Fir Park attack rather lacked concentration, and the finishing was not of the best standard. Neither was the mid-line above reproach.

Airdrie were the better side all over, and were full value for the points.

DUMBARTON'S DRAW.

Hibs were expected to beat Dumbarton at Easter Road. Both teams have disappointed this season. The game was fast and open, but play never rose above an ordinary level. Hibs, perhaps, did more of the pressing, but they were not a better team than the "Sons," who played pretty much as usual. Both teams missed chances, and neither raised the hope that it is to take a high place in the tournament.

Hibs played two new men—Robertson, at left half, and Clark, inside to Willie Smith. Both are from the Broxburn club, but each has seen senior service. They pulled up no trees, and the Easter Road Directors have still problems to solve. Hibs scored first, after sterling work by Smith, without whom the team would be like the play without the Prince. Willie scampered down the wing, and, passing accurately, M'Gregor, the Dumbarton left half, in an effort to save, lodged the ball in his own net. Gettins equalised for the "Sons," and Reid put Hibs on the lead again. Willie Smith had, of course, a finger in the pie. Dumbarton were lucky to equalise, Stevenson failing to stop an easy shot by the visiting pivot.

The "Sons" defence was not so good as Hibs. Hamilton did well, but there is room for improvement at back and half. Travers was the best of a fair attack, with Rowan and Thom also in the honours list. Hibs have much to thank Smith for; their forward line is yet far from satisfactory. Lennie was not a success at outside right. Radical changes are needed if Hibs mean to leave the foot of the ladder.

It was a hard, hot game at Hamilton. At the start it looked as if the Thistle were to have a runaway victory. In ten minutes Branscombe found the net. Very soon after Whittle put his side further ahead. Things looked black for the Accies. The defence became tottery, and the attack never got into a decent swing. The Jags missed a pinch at this juncture. M'Intyre had only to touch the ball into the net, but he failed.

Airdrie seem to have got into their stride.

Clyde struck a "Forth" mine at Parkhead.

Rangers were "dead fly" for the "Spiders."

Gane, of Airdrie, was again the best back on the field.

Aberdeen didn't win, and yet they recorded one.

Resurrection morn — Bury, 2; Stockport County, 1.

Hearts are beating—practically everything they come against.

Who were the other players implicated in that Dundee business?

What club is it whose players are looking for bonuses these times?

Notts Forest don't wander in the wood. For confirmation wire Wolverhampton.

Goalkeepers Brownlie and O'Hagan captained their respective sides at Cathkin.

No word yet of the removal of Billy Meredith's suspension? I'll likely get the first of it.

It's going to be a great tussle between Masterton and Balfour for the Dundee goal. The Taysiders certainly require some one to keep them out.

Has anybody at Stark's Park heard anything about Jock Hunter who used to have his headquarters there? He is doing well with East Fife.

Captain R. M. Christie, the ex-President of the S.F.A., has gone to the front. We'll be hearing of him. He'll do his duty

Hector M'Kay, the old centre forward of Aberdeen, is a prisoner of war in Germany. He would like to be near Woodside.

You can have a dispute about this with your chums. Tanny Craig is the only Rangers' player who has not missed a League match this season.

Yes, it is quite true! Killie's win at Dens Park was the first they ever secured since they were admitted to the First League.

Rangers could be doing with Brown, whom they parted with to St Mirren, on his Cathkin display.

Fancy the skipper of a team travelling as a reserve! Montgomery, of Dundee, had to do it. It's not fair.

Lawrie, who last played for Pontypridd, has now a free transfer from the Rangers. Anybody want a left winger?

Exeter City recorded the highest score of the day. Poor Southend are simply at their wit's end as to how to account for it.

Scottish League players are wondering when the game is to stop. Wouldn't they make a fine battalion if they were all massed together!

Dundee are none too happy just now. There have been ructions at Dens. Old news! The latest is that Morton gave them a showing up.

Remarkable fact! The same number of goals were scored in the First and Second Divisions of the English League—thirty-one each!

The "bonnie wee Hearts" always looked a winning team at Parkhead. The Scottish "Capital" will soon be written with a much bigger C.

Who is the referee in Scottish football who has got a whistle with a distinctive tone, and how many whistlers are wondering where he got it? Ask me.

Ferrier's fine judgment largely accounted for the failure of the Dens Park forwards, Torrance, Gourlay, and Seymour were the pick of the Greenock attack. Hogg, J. M'Donald, and D. M'Donald were Dundee's most serviceable players.

THE DIVIDE AT CATHKIN.

There were no goals at the Third Lanark-St Mirren meeting. The Paisley side take their football seriously, and certainly they fought a hard fight to a finish, and deserved the point they got.

The Saints carried four second eleven men in Marshall, Callaghan, Steel, and Gray, and a last-minute change was resorted to, Page crying off. Happily Clark was fit and able to lead the van.

Thirds, who had Harry Mountford for Riley, were much below form. Good enough in the open, there was always a ruggedness about their finishing movements which seldom stamped them as scorers. Lennon has often played a better game.

Honours at back went to Gibb, the Cambuslang junior, and Walker could make nothing of Brown; Hannah was the best of the three halves.

Brown, the ex-Shettleston junior, was the best of a purposeless set of forwards, who never knitted together as they should. Weakened as they were the Saints have all the credit of a non score. O'Hagan was the hero of the day, and his saving from Brown (twice) and Snider Smith were the tit-bits of a hard game. In Marshall, the North-Eastern junior, the Saints have captured a back who plays a paying, fearless game. Reid, the Portsmouth centre half, gave a pleasing display, while Brown, the ex-Ranger, was the best forward on view. This lad has come a lot, and his work made Walker and Lennon look second raters. Sowerby and Brannick did well as inside supports, while Clark had many excellent tries. All things considered neither side deserved to win. Incidentally Thirds maintained an unbroken home League record.

STRAIGHT TALK BY OUR EXPERT FOOTBALL CRITICS.

CELTIC CHALLENGING HEARTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

ABERDEEN'S SURPRISE COLLAPSE AGAINST RAITH.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
First Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Hearts,	14	12	1	1	31	9	25
Celtic,	14	9	2	3	32	14	21
Morton,	13	6	1	6	30	21	18
Ayr United,	14	7	5	2	19	12	16
Rangers,	13	7	5	1	22	15	15
Airdrieonians,	13	6	5	2	20	19	14
Third Lanark,	13	6	4	4	21	16	14
Clyde,	13	5	6	2	14	19	12
St Mirren,	13	4	4	5	21	24	13
Hamilton Accies,	13	5	5	3	19	16	13
Aberdeen,	14	4	6	4	16	19	12
Raith Rovers,	14	4	6	4	20	23	12
Falkirk,	13	4	5	4	14	15	12
Dundee,	14	4	7	3	13	20	11
Dumbarton,	14	4	6	4	24	30	12
Partick Thistle,	11	4	4	3	19	18	11
Kilmarnock,	13	4	8	1	14	27	9
Motherwell,	13	3	8	2	17	27	8
Hibernian,	13	2	8	3	16	31	7
Queen's Park,	13	2	7	4	17	27	8

Second Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Cowdenbeath,	11	7	1	3	25	8	17
East Stirlingshire,	10	6	1	4	20	12	14
Clydebank,	10	5	3	1	29	14	11
Leith,	11	5	3	3	19	17	13
St Bernard,	10	6	4	0	15	15	12
Dunfermline Ath.,	12	6	5	1	20	19	13
Albion Rovers,	12	4	4	4	13	13	12
St Johnstone,	10	4	5	1	25	21	11
Abercorn,	11	5	5	1	21	21	11
Johnstone,	9	3	3	3	15	18	9
Vale of Leven,	9	2	4	3	14	16	7
Dundee Hibs.,	12	2	9	1	16	34	5
Lochgelly United,	6	1	4	1	7	17	3
Arthurlie,	9	0	6	3	11	20	3

ENGLISH LEAGUE.
First Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Manchester City,	11	7	1	3	25	8	17
Oldham Ath.,	11	7	1	3	25	16	17
Sheffield Wed.,	12	7	3	2	26	14	16
Blackburn Rovers,	11	7	3	1	24	17	15
Middlesbrough,	11	4	1	6	18	13	14
Aston Villa,	11	6	5	0	17	19	12
W. Bromwich Alb.,	12	5	4	3	21	20	13
Everton,	12	5	4	3	21	13	13
Newcastle United,	12	4	4	4	16	12	12
Bradford City,	12	4	4	4	16	16	12
Burnley,	11	4	4	3	18	14	11
Sunderland,	11	5	5	1	20	22	11
Liverpool,	12	4	5	3	21	24	11
Chelsea,	11	2	4	5	14	21	9
Sheffield United,	11	2	4	5	12	14	9
Bolton Wan.,	12	3	8	1	21	32	7
Tottenham Spur,	12	2	6	4	17	28	8
Bradford,	11	3	7	1	16	28	7
Manchester United,	11	2	7	2	14	21	7
Notts County,	11	2	7	2	13	22	6

Second Division.

	P.	W.	L.	D.	Goals F.	Goals A.	Pts.
Huddersfield Town,	12	9	1	2	22	9	20
Preston North End,	12	6	2	3	22	13	15
The Arsenal,	12	6	2	3	20	13	15
Preston North End,	12	6	3	3	16	13	15
Derby County,	11	6	3	2	22	17	14
Bury,	11	6	3	2	24	22	14
Grimsby Town,	12	4	3	5	12	18	13
Barnsley,	11	6	4	1	12	17	13
Birmingham,	12	5	5	2	21	18	12
Fulham,	12	5	5	2	21	18	12
Glasgow Orient,	12	4	5	3	12	18	11
Wolverhampton Wan.,	12	4	5	3	12	13	11
Hull City,	11	4	5	2	14	16	10
Notts Forest,	12	4	8	2	17	24	10
Stockport County,	12	3	6	3	14	21	9
Lincoln City,	12	5	9	3	14	21	9
Chester Rosse,	12	4	7	1	14	18	9
Leeds City,	12	4	7	1	20	24	9
Glossop,	12	2	7	3	14	25	7
Blackpool,	11	2	8	1	12	23	5

LEADING RESULTS.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
First Division.

Aberdeen,	1	Raith Rovers,	3
Airdrieonians,	4	Motherwell,	1
Falkirk,	1	Ayr United,	1
Kilmarnock,	1	Celtic,	4
Clyde,	1	Hearts,	2
Hibernian,	2	Dumbarton,	2
Morton,	2	Dundee,	0
Hamilton Accies,	2	Partick This.,	2
Rangers,	2	Queen's Park,	1
Third Lanark,	0	St Mirren,	0

Second Division.

Albion Rovers,	2	E. Stirlingshire,	3
Arthurlie,	2	Albion Rovers,	2
Johnstone,	0	Dunfermline,	4
St Johnstone,	4	Clydebank,	2
Vale of Leven,	1	Leith,	1

ENGLISH LEAGUE.
First Division.

Bradford City,	4	Manchester U.,	2
Burnley,	2	Oldham Ath.,	3
Chelsea,	2	Bolton W.,	1
Everton,	1	Blackburn Rovers,	3
Manchester City,	0	Sheffield U.,	0
Middlesbro',	1	Aston Villa,	1
Newcastle U.,	0	Liverpool,	2
Sheffield W.,	1	Sunderland,	2
Tottenham Spur,	3	Bradford,	0
W. Brom. A.,	4	Notts County,	1

Second Division.

Birmingham,	3	Arsenal,	0
Blackpool,	1	Barnsley,	1
Bristol City,	5	Hull City,	2
Bury,	2	Stockport County,	1
Grimsby T.,	2	Clapton Orient,	0
Huddersfield T.,	1	Leeds City,	0
Leicester Fosse,	3	Glossop,	2
Notts Forest,	3	Wolverhampton W.,	1
Preston N.E.,	2	Fulham,	0
Lincoln City,	0	Derby County,	0

SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Gillingham,	0	Bristol Rovers,	1
Brighton & Hove,	2	Millwall Ath.,	2
Cardiff City,	2	Q.P. Rangers,	0
Luton Town,	2	Swindon Town,	2
Exeter City,	7	Southend U.,	1
Crystal Palace,	3	Portsmouth,	0
Plymouth A.,	6	Southampton,	2
Norwich City,	1	Croydon Com.,	0
West Ham U.,	5	Reading,	2
Watford,	0	Northampton,	0

QUALIFYING CUP.
(Replayed Ties.)

Allos Ath.,	0	Lochgelly U.,	1
St Bernard,	4	Broxburn U.,	0
East Fife,	1	Forfar Athletic,	1

RESERVE LEAGUE.

Raith Rovers A.,	2	Falkirk A.,	1
Hearts A.,	3	Clyde A.,	2
Partick This. A.,	3	Stevenson U.,	2
St Mirren A.,	4	Galston,	2
Motherwell A.,	6	Q.P. Strollers,	3
Ayr United A.,	3	Morton A.,	1
Dumbarton Harp,	5	Kilmarnock A,	0

SCOTTISH UNION.

Renton,	3	Dykehead,	1

CENTRAL LEAGUE.

King's Park,	0	Bathgate,	0
Armadale U.,	4	Stenhousemuir,	0
Dundee A.,	8	Clackmannan,	0

SCOTTISH JUNIOR CUP.
(Second Round.)

Larkhall U.,	2	Blantyre Vic.,	2
Bent Royal Oak,	1	Bellshill Ath.,	0
Perthshire,	0	Burnbank Ath.,	0
Vale of Grange,	2	Dalkeith This.,	1
Brechin Hearts,	2	Dundee Osborne,	3

GLASGOW JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Maryhill,	1	Vale of Clyde,	1
Rob Roy,	2	Glencairn,	2
Strathclyde,	0	Cambuslang Ran.,	3
Shettleston,	3	Clydebank Jun.,	1

GLASGOW JUNIOR CUP.

Ashfield,	3	Benburb,	0

NORTH-EASTERN CUP.

Parkhead,	2	Petershill,	1

Queen's Park are almost in below the table.

Why is Derby not counting?

Aiberdeein'. Dundee is deein' too.

"The Hert's aye the pairt aye." (Original.)

War news! Aberdeen, 1, Raith Rovers, 3. Good? Y'ser.

Bradford City emphasised 4-2 that Manchester United are not.

From all parts come the depressing intelligence that the "gates" are low.

Queen's Park won at Ibrox. (Report not confirmed, but passed by the Censor.)

Will Allan could not take his place against Dumbarton. He was very anxious to do so.

Willie O'Hagan will get "honours" this season. He has been spotted by his compatriots.

Rangers did not half let themselves go against the Queen's. Airdrie did the same to Motherwell—4-1.

Some of Dick Riley's and Willie Milne's chums are wondering whether they will or not.

They tell me it is a Tossop whether Glossop will finish the season. Funds are low with them.

Fancy Everton getting "candy" from Blackburn Rovers at Goodison Park! It's a black-burn shame!

Kilmarnock's display against Celtic was very disappointing. Didn't they beat some team or other last week?

The Arsenal and Birmingham clashed, but why didn't the Woolwich men take their ammunition with them?

You'll see that "Napper" Thomson will be Dundee's centre forward next week. Interesting news to Motherwell!

Can Third Lanark do nothing else but draw? Brownlie can't help it, but what about the chaps in front of him?

Is it policy to play a back out of his position? One who saw Joe Dodds against the Rangers asks the question.

Bill Cuffe, of Everton, has been up North. Glasgow air, they say, agrees with him. The junior he is after is a good one.

Herbert Dainty never heard that saying, "Better meddle wi' the deil than the Bairns o' Falkirk." So he just did it.

Will Lincoln link on to Millar again? He is "free," as far as Dundee is concerned. His stay in Juteopolis has been brief.

Although Hearts are going winning, mind you, they are not worthy their place on the most recent of their exhibitions.

Against Hull City, Bristol City went nap and won. The Humber men put up a poor show. They hadn't the cards, of course.

Only pinch in my locker! Hearts. They are right for the championship if they keep the rest of their anatomy all right.

Bowie put up quite a good game against Queen's Park as a half-back — a suggestion which, I believe, was considered at Ibrox.

Third Lanark wanted a penalty against St Mirren, but Bob Murray would not grant the vociferous request. I was inclined to agree with him.

Tom Maley is drilling his men in matters military. Could he not get them to shoot in front of goal? Tottenham 3, Bradford 0, doesn't look well.

The Hillsbro' blades are not so sharp as they once were. Wednesday, 1; Sunderland, 2. It's enough to make you change the days of the week.

Raith Rovers wouldn't have cared had the train from Aberdeen been a day and a night late. Their train got the "points" all right, however.

Wasn't that an extraordinary result at Aberdeen? Wasps, 1; Rovers, 3. The "Lang Toon" almost extended to Pittodrie on Saturday night.

Ibrox! Did you hear anything there which "got there"? Scotland's need is now. The Camerons were on the track, and you should get on the track of the Camerons.

0—0. A pair of spectacles represented the result of Manchester City's and Sheffield United's labours. Against Liverpool Newcastle couldn't do any better. Anything wrong with their liver?

Rev. C. V. A. MacEchern, M.A., minister of Tighmabruaich, has joined Lord Kitchener's Army as a private. He will be remembered in football circles as having assisted Aberdeen a few years ago.

Clyde put up a great fight against Hearts. But they were always struggling. Johnny Gilligan was great. Yon wee legs o' his! You have seen them!

Rangers are wanting an outside right. On the 18th they are to be on the lookout for one in Belfast. Appropriate, of course, where so many liners are launched, that they should go in search of a Lyner.

Tom Maley will have to view again some more of the country with which he is already familiar. To be beaten by the lowly 'Spurs 3-0 should spur T. E. M. to do something.

Hearts played a great game against Clyde. Anyone suggesting that the noble "Glasgow" river is in flood will be severely dealt with. The Forth is overflowing its banks, however.

In the Third Lanark v. St Mirren match the ball was never in the net. A rather unusual circumstance. Not even an offside goal called for the exercise of R. T. Murray's vigilance. He ruled the game like a king.

I am not privileged to divulge the player's name, but one whom we all know, stationed at —— received the following message:—

A thick black fog coming up the Forth.

The man who held the receiver could not make out very well what was said, and the communication to his officer was this:—"Six fat hogs coming up the Forth."

POTTS CUP.

Dumfries Amat.,	2	Nithsdale Wan.,	2

SCOTTISH JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Kirkintilloch Harp,	1	Thorliebank Jun.,	1
Pollok,	2	Croy Celtic,	1
Bellay Lasies,	1	Kilsyth Empres,	1
Port-Glasgow A.J.,	1	St Anthony's,	0

FAVOURITES FALL IN THE ENGLISH LEAGUE.

OLDHAM HARD ON THE HEELS OF MANCHESTER.

SURPRISE DEFEAT OF THE ARSENAL.

Manchester C., 0 Sheffield U., 0

At Manchester, before 25,000 people. The home team was unchanged, and Uttley played centre forward for the United.

The ground was treacherous, and the players had difficulty in keeping their feet. Masterman had a well-directed shot blocked by Henry's, and the City had three futile corners in quick succession. With Gough out of goal Gaughan ought to have scored for the City. Play was fast and exciting. Interval—Manchester City, 0; Sheffield United, 0.

The feature of the second half was the fine defensive play of both sides, the forwards having little opportunity of distinguishing themselves. Utley was charged down when in a dangerous position, and Gough saved brilliantly from Hughes, who loked all over a scorer. Towards the end Martin only just failed to convert a fine centre by Evans. Both sides made desperate efforts to score, but the defence prevailed.

Burnley, - - 2 Oldham Ath., 3

At Turf Moor, Burnley, before 15,000 spectators, in fine weather. Pilkington deputised for Roberts in the Oldham team. Play at the outset was exceptionally meritorious. There was fine short passing at each end. Freeman and Gee missed good chances. After half an hour Freeman by splendid dodging scored for Burnley. Oldham attacked vigorously, but shot wide. Ten minutes from the interval Hodgson added Burnley's second goal. Kemp on time scored for Oldham. Half-time—Burnley, 2; Oldham, 1.

On resuming play alternate attacks were made, and most of the work for a time fell on Dawson, the home custodian. The goalkeeping at both ends was dexterous. In eighteen minutes Walters equalised for Oldham. The game developed amid excitement. Excellent even play was maintained, but the shooting at both ends was erratic. Seven minutes from the close Kemp, for Oldham, with a fine diagonal long shot scored the winning goal.

W. Brom. A., 4 Notts County, 1

At the Hawthorns; in fine weather; before 12,000 spectators. Albion won the toss, and from the start attacked strongly, Morris scoring for Albion after some clever passing on the part of the forwards. After some hard luck the Nottingham players received their reward, Flint equalising with the game thirty minutes old. Half-time:—West Bromwich Albion, 1; Notts County, 1.

On resuming the Albion put on the pressure, and Bache, making a clever run, passed to Bentley, who scored, putting the Albion ahead. From a corner by Jephcott Morris added a third. Still the Albion continued to exert pressure, and Bache, with a fine individual run, added a fourth. Notts made frequent raids, but the defence of the home team was sound. There was no further scoring.

Tottenham H., 3 Bradford, - - 0

At Tottenham in bright weather before 15,000 spectators. M'Connell reappeared for Bradford. Otherwise the teams were unchanged. In a spirited start on greasy turf the visitors were repeatedly dangerous, Smith and Bauchop each almost scoring on three occasions. Then Scatergood aroused enthusiasm with three brilliant saves, and was good in twice clearing from Bliss. Fast, keen football was full of exciting incidents. Half-time—Hotspur, 0; Bradford, 0.

The game was less vigorous on resuming, but was still good and interesting. Cantrell was dangerous, but Minter could not reach his centre. The pressure was renewed, and in thirteen minutes Cantrell crossed for Bliss to place a low shot wide of Scattergood. From a corner Cantrell headed a goal twenty minutes from the finish amidst enthusiasm. Bradford were held. Bliss added a third from a free kick.

Everton, - - 1 Blackburn R., 3

At Goodison Park before 20,000 spectators, including many soldiers. Both teams were at full strength. Rovers displayed much energy at the outset, and Fern was several times called on. Play later became fast, and Robinson had two hard drives to negotiate. Everton gradually asserted the pressure, but the Rovers' defence was safe. Play was very keen afterwards Interval—Everton, 0; Blackburn Rovers, 0.

Everton were first to get going on resuming, and Parker sent in a fine shot, which Robinson saved cleverly. Everton kept up the pressure for some time, and Robinson saved finely from Jefferies. Play now settled in Everton's quarters, and on the whole the game was fast and interesting. Shea scored from a penalty. Latheron scored a second goal, Shea a third, and Parker scored for Everton.

Chelsea, - - 2 Bolton W., - 1

Played at Chelsea, in fine weather, before 25,000 spectators. Chelsea had the same team. Bolton played Glendinning at right half and Fay left. The game opened in a bright fashion, Molyneux early saving a hot shot from Stokes. After twenty-one minutes' play Halse scored for Chelsea, following a good centre by Ford. Chelsea played fine football at a good pace, the forwards dribbling well, the backs kicking admirably. Lillycrop equalised by rushing Molyneux through. Half-time—Chelsea, 1; Bolton Wanderers, 1.

Bolton's equaliser two minutes before the interval was lucky, Molyneux dropping the ball from a long shot from Stokes. Football in the second half was not so good, and Bolton had several free kicks given against them. Once, however, they nearly scored, Mollyneux saving with difficulty from Lillycrop, while he kept out shots from Stokes and Smith. Croal scored brilliantly for Chelsea after thirty-five minutes, Thomson opening the way in splendid fashion.

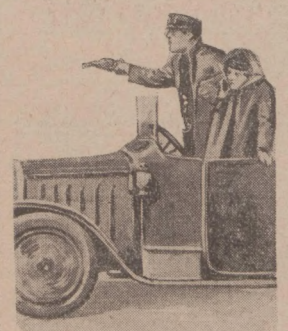
Bradford City, 4 Manchester U., 2

At Bradford, before 14,000. The home team found the opposing defence fearfully weak, and in half an hour they were three

BEGIN TO-DAY THIS GREAT STORY OF THE WAR.

DASHING DICK CARRICK.

Suspense, fear, and anxiety for weeks have been the lot of many whose dear ones were detained in Germany when the war began. This brilliant narrative is related by a well-known author who obtained details for many of the exploits from a distinguished courier and Continental traveler of wide experience. Like the Scarlet Pimpernel, this modern knight errant has brought joy to many British homes by conducting refugees through the lines of the enemy to the safety of our shores and their own homes.



The Beginning of the Story.

Dick Carrick, a daring and accomplished young man of independent means, undertakes the task of going to Berlin to rescue his sweetheart.

Ellice Remington, the daughter of a wealthy engineer. Ellice had set out for Germany before the war on a holiday in company with Mrs Gaylor, the wife of

Nardon Gaylor, old Remington's junior partner. Gaylor is in reality a German agent, and a month before the outbreak of hostilities received a mysterious code telegram, announcing that war was certain. This telegram was signed by

Herr Baumeister, who is chief of the German spy organisation, and whom Dick Carrick runs up against shortly after his arrival in Belgium.

Dick tells Baumeister that he escaped from the British lines at Ostend, and, speaking in excellent German, pretends that he is attached to the spy department of the Fatherland. His deception is discovered, however, and he is ordered to be hung at daybreak, but manages to escape from under the very nose of Baumeister.

Dick ultimately arrives in Berlin, where he has several narrow escapes, and discovers that Ellice is a prisoner in a private lunatic asylum.

By adopting a clever ruse Dick succeeds in getting his sweetheart out of the toils of the asylum doctor, who was plotting, along with the Gaylors and Baumeister, to get a huge sum of money from Ellice's father for her release.

In the cafe where the happy lovers are exchanging confidences they unconsciously raise their voices in the excitement of the moment, and the fact that they are speaking English soon attracts attention.

"You are British, sir, I think? And this lady here, too? Have you registered yourselves—have you permits? Quick, tell me! I am of the police. Speak!"

A little, rather stout, bearded man with pince-nez steps up from the next table, accompanied by a fair-haired, typically German woman.

Here at last is the trap from which there is no escape, thinks Dick, and he is wondering whether he should whip out his revolver and make a fight for it when he hears the police officer say in quite a loud voice, putting his hand in his pocket—

"There is my authority, mein Herr, and if you have no permit you will accompany me to the police station, and madam, my wife, will look after the young lady if she has neither her permit. It is necessary that we should protect ourselves. See, here is my authority."

He speaks in hectoring, blustering tones, and holds right under Dick's nose not a card or a badge of authority, but just a used envelope, on the back of which is written in French in bold characters—

"Permit me to arrest you and the young lady. I am a friend."

Dick and Ellice are unceremoniously bundled into a cab, which stops, not at a police station, but a block of flats in the centre of Berlin.

Here Dick finds he is in the company of old friends—Monsieur and Madame Henri Beautemps, actors belonging to one of the best theatrical companies in Paris.

Under the stress of emotion Dick suddenly collapsed, the exertions of the last few hours being too much even for his iron frame and nerves.

The Frenchman and the German Passports.

WHEN Dick Carrick came to after his faint he found himself lying on a sofa with a bearded man and two women looking down at him. He could not realise at first where he was; all he knew was that he was looking into the eyes of his beloved, into the eyes of Ellice, and that was enough for him. It did not matter where he was, for his love was with him.

He struggled up to a sitting position on the sofa, and then it all came back to him.

He had been with Ellice, of course. He had rescued her from the asylum; then there was the cafe and the arrest. Oh, yes, he knew it all now. The bearded man was, of course, little Beautemps, and the other woman was, of course, Madame Beautemps in disguise. Disguise? Oh, yes, disguise of course! He tried to stand up, and was astonished to find how weak he was.

"You must sit down, you must keep quiet, Dick," said Ellice reprovingly, coming and sitting by him on the sofa and taking his hand. "You're not strong enough to do anything yet; you've gone through so much to-day."

"But wait, wait, wait," said Dick. "Just let me collect myself, get my thoughts going. Beautemps there in disguise, and Madame Beautemps, too! What was it I was thinking of? I know, I know! Yes, my brain is getting clearer now. I know it was you, Ellice, sweetheart. I was thinking of. We must get you out of this at once. Baumeister will very likely by now have found out that you're gone; his spies will be all over the place by now. We must get you out of it. Quick, Madame Beautemps! Will you work your wicked will on Mademoiselle here and make her almost as ugly as yourself—I mean, of course, in your present disguise? You wouldn't think it, would you, Ellice, but make in her own self is the prettiest little soubrette that ever stepped on to a stage—isn't she, Beautemps?"

"Peace, thou Dick Carrick, flatterer always," said Madame Beautemps, though by no means ill-pleased. She was glad that he had remembered that she was pretty, for now — oh, dear, what terrible things disguises are when they hide a woman's natural good looks!

"Ah, the good Dick always speaks the truth!" said Beautemps. "And if the good looks are hidden, well, what matters it? I know they are still there. But now, Dick, my gay one, you are right about mademoiselle. She must be altered, metamorphosed, changed, and who shall do this but Madame Beautemps? Ten minutes in the next room and mademoiselle is gone; someone else shall appear in her stead. Come then, Juliette, angel of my heart, to thy work!"

"Oh, what fun to be disguised!" cried Ellice, clapping her hands. "I shall feel just like a heroine in a play or a book. What larks, as I heard a funny man in a theatre say once."

"All right, darling; you run along and put yourself under the guidance of Madame Beautemps," said Dick.

"Now then, Beautemps, old boy," he went on when the two had left, "can you give me a cigarette? And is it permissible to ask for a whisky and soda? I haven't had one since I left London."

Monsieur Beautemps shook his head.

"Well, I'm not going to drink their filthy lager, so I'll have a brandy," said Dick. "That, I suppose, can be managed? Thanks! Now then, Beautemps, tell me all about yourself and what you're doing here. By Jove, old man, it was a bit of luck you're coming along just then! We should have been nabbed, as sure as fate, if you hadn't."

"Oh, there is no secret between such friends as the gay Dick Carrick and myself," replied Beautemps. "He is English; I am French; we are friends. That is enough. But, my dear Dick, we haven't yet embraced. Come, salute!"

The little French actor opened his arms, and Dick knew better than to offend him. He knew that the shake of the hand was not sufficient; the Frenchman wished to show him the highest possible token of friendship, the embrace.

"Ah, that is good, my friend!" said Beautemps, with tears in his eyes. "I've been alone here with Madame in this hole of a town ever since the war broke out. Madame, ah, yes; my Juliette; she is wonderful! But, see you, my friend; she is a woman, you understand, and there are times when a man wishes to unburden the soul of him—to swear, to curse, to use bad language about the Kaiser; to say, 'To hell with him and all his Potsdam brood.' Can one say this to a woman? But no! She is refined, gentle; she must not have had language used before her. But, oh, how I have longed for some man to whom I could say, as I say now, my friend." Beautemps held up his glass, "'To hell with the Kaiser, and Vive l'Angleterre!"

Dick rose and touched his glass with Beautemps', and as he drank the toast he said, not without a little tremor in his voice—

"To hell with the Kaiser, and Vive la France!"

"Ah, that is better!" exclaimed Beautemps. "And now we tell each other things that we are doing. For myself and madame," he leant forward, looked at the closed door, and spoke in a half-whisper, "we are here in Berlin for our Government, for the Government of La Belle France. Yes, we were here on a holiday when the war cloud broke. I see our Ambassador as it once, tell him what I will do—that I will stay here with madame; that we can be of use here.

"Disguise? Oh, yes; that was easy enough. They call themselves clever, these Berliners. Pah! I laugh at them; I snap my fingers! At the hotel where we stay they know I am French—I and madame; they tell us to go, where they care not. What do we do? We go. The luggage we take to the railway station; we place it in the cloakroom; we receive the ticket. Behold we speak German all the time. Then a little walk, a little tram ride to just outside the city, where there is quiet; another little walk. We have with us a bag in which we carry some paints, some false hair—oh, yes, we had those with us in our luggage, for we had thought of giving entertainments here—and we are actors, as you know. We hire these apartments here; we present the ticket at the cloakroom; we get our luggage, and we settle ourselves here as Herr and Frau Guggenheim. There was a Guggenheim and his wife—respectable Germans they were—who had lived in England for a long time, and were just over here on a holiday—a naturalised Britisher he was, and his wife was a German, too. So we are here as Herr and Frau Guggenheim."

That puzzled Dick a little.

"But how can you pass yourselves off here as two German people when every arrival here is registered?" he said. "You bet the police know every German subject in Berlin."

"I'm not a fool, my dear Dick," replied Beautemps quietly. "I knew the Guggenheims well; they stayed at the same hotel as my wife and myself; we were friends. That was, of course, before the war; afterwards we didn't speak, except the Guggenheim, who spoke to threaten.

"'Now, now,' he said to me, and how cross he looked, 'you cursed French, we'll show you! But I'll make certain of you, you and your wife. Pah, you'll never get back to your own country alive; you'll have to leave Berlin, but wait, wait till you get close to the frontier, my friend.' There will be plenty of little quiet spots where the train can be stopped, and two French spies shot without anyone being any the wiser. D'you think we should let you go through? Ah, that would make us laugh, I should think. You'll leave Berlin of course to-day with your wife, but you'll be caught before you reach your own cursed France. I shall see to that. Bah, you French are almost as big fools as the English. I tell you now, you pig of a Frenchman——' Oh, he was very angry, was Herr Guggenheim!—'that you are as good as dead, you and your wife. You have told me things which will be useful—I was pumping you all the time. You have told me much about your Paris, where we shall soon be, much that will be of use to our Kaiser. That brother of yours who lives with you in your flat near the Champs Elysees and is one of the chief electricians of Paris, he will be a useful man to catch first when our gallant troops enter your city. You are just a stupid French fool. And when we have made your brother tell us everything we wish to know about the electric lighting we shall shoot him, as you also will be shot when it is most convenient. There will be no escape for you. And you will be shot if you stay here, you and madame, for you are French, and you will be shot if you leave here, both of you. Pah, I spit at you.'

"Quite excited was the gallant German," went on Monsieur Beautemps. "But Guggenheim, well, he is dead, so all is satisfactory. I have his passport, his papers, his everything. Yes, I am Guggenheim, and Madame is Frau Guggenheim."

"But, good heavens, man, you're standing on the edge of a precipice. You can't be Guggenheim, he is still alive! You're sure to get arrested sooner or later."

"But Guggenheim isn't alive," said the little Frenchman very simply. "He's dead, for I shoot him myself. I waited till I saw him come out from the hotel. It was night. The following day we were to leave Berlin; I had made sure he had sold us securely, and Guggenheim had promised us that we should both be shot. Well, I paid Guggenheim the compliment of believing that he spoke the truth.

"We didn't wish to leave Berlin; we wished to remain here for I, too, have learnt things about Berlin, and perhaps I could be of use. But if we stayed there was Guggenheim; if we left there were other dangers, for there was the danger that we should be shot. And there was also my brother to be thought of. Guggenheim knew now where we lived; Guggenheim was then dangerous. So then, well, I followed Guggenheim gently, and in a quiet street I shot him. Then I go back to the hotel after I have taken all his papers away from his poor, dead body—ah, but I smiled at him!—and then I eat my supper and go to bed. Ah, it was easy! And the next day we were supposed to leave Berlin; how we did not leave it I have already told you."

"You shot him! You killed him in the street! But, man, how was it that you weren't arrested? You can't go banging off revolvers late at night without somebody being disturbed."

"Oh, yes, I can! I show you that revolver directly. It is just beautiful."

Dick began to be suspicious. Was this little man telling him the truth? Dick's hand slipped round to his pocket to feel for his own revolver. In times of danger such as these the spy might lurk anywhere.

"But Frau Guggenheim, the real Frau Guggenheim, protested. She would be a stumbling-block, wouldn't she?"

"She would have been perhaps but for good fortune," said Beautemps. "When I—er—er—disposed of Herr Guggenheim I took his identification papers—all his papers, in fact—away from him, and with them were also his wife's papers, so I have passports, everything belonging to Herr and Frau Guggenheim. When we take the apartments here I show the papers to the police, as is necessary, and the officer said to me—Ah, yes, so you are Herr and Frau Guggenheim. Why, there has been some foolish woman here saying that she is Frau Guggenheim, but she had no papers, no passport, so she will be kept quiet until, well, perhaps until the war is over. We have no time to waste over stupid people who lose their papers!'—'Ah, I was sorry, just a little sorry, for Frau Guggenheim,' continued Monsieur Beautemps, "but I was glad to have her papers for my wife, or else, well, perhaps I should have had to take stern steps to get them.'" The little Frenchman's eyes glittered. "One would have been sorry, but when one's wife's life is in danger it is not a time for trifling. So now Frau Guggenheim is a prisoner, her husband is dead, and Monsieur and Madame Beautemps reign in their stead. Oh, have no fear, Dick. We are, as you English say, all right."

"Well, I shall want you to tell me some more about that killing," said Dick, feeling now that the little man was speaking the truth. "But, good gracious, who's this? It can't be Ellice!"

Madame Beautemps came in from the next room, bringing with her an old, a very old, white-haired lady in a simple black dress, walking feebly, with one hand resting on madame's arm.

"Oh, this is Mrs Hooston, an old American lady," said Madame Beautemps. "We are keeping her with us out of friendship for her married son, who left her here in Berlin some time ago while he went to England, and he is now unable to return to her."

"But her papers?" persisted Dick. "They will want papers of identification. The police will soon find out if there is any real Mrs Hooston in Berlin."

"No, no, there you're wrong, my dear Dick," put in Beautemps. "I've been in Berlin longer than you have, and I know that their system is very good, but it isn't so thorough as all that. They are fools, these German police spies here." (Dick shook his head; he didn't think so.) "Of the old people they take no notice. That was evidently what was in my sweet Juliette's mind, eh?"

Madame Beautemps nodded, and then Dick broke in—

"Well, after all, it doesn't matter; it's a ripping disguise, and it'll get Ellice safely out of this hole of a city. And it's just struck me too that I could easily get a passport from the American Embassy. You're right, Henri; there'll be no danger. We'll soon have you back in London, sweetheart."

"Ah, don't be so certain!" put in Monsieur Beautemps. "It is a dangerous place here. But now, if you please, we will hear about you and mademoiselle here. How come you here? You have much to tell us, I think."

Rapidly Dick sketched the events which had led up to his following Ellice to Berlin, and Madame Beautemps when he had finished went over and kissed first him and then his sweetheart.

"You won't mind," she said to Ellice, "for he is a brave man, and I love a brave man. Ah, but excuse me, there is a knock at the door. We do not keep a servant; it is wiser not."

The Two Guggenheims.

Madame Beautemps left the room, and in a few seconds returned, but not alone, for with her were two plain clothes men, who securely held each of her arms, and with them was another man, young, tall, and good-looking. Ellice looked at him quickly, and nearly uttered a cry, but she managed to check it. Dick too looked at the young man, and recognised him in a moment, but Dick's nerves were under perfect control; he was always remembering that he was in disguise, and he had steeled his face to utter immobility. He looked the tall, good-looking young man straight in the face, and to his surprise Dick saw the tall, good-looking man wink as he stood behind the two men who held Madame Beautemps.

"You'll excuse me," said the young man very politely, speaking in German to Beautemps, otherwise Herr Guggenheim, "but at this time we are taking no risks. My men aren't handling the Frau roughly, but it is necessary to hold her. "You'll be sensible and make no resistance while I search the flat, won't you?"

Even as he spoke the two men had released Madame, and Beautemps and Dick found themselves looking at the dull muzzles of two Browning revolvers levelled at them by Madame's former guards.

"I should like to know, sir, why a German citizen and subject is treated like this?" said Beautemps bravely in German. "I have my papers and passports, and the Frau has hers too. Everything is in order."

"No doubt, no doubt," said the young man, quite politely, "but as the body of a German, who has since been identified as Herr Guggenheim, was found some days ago —he has only just been identified at the mortuary by an acquaintance quite by chance—it is necessary that we find out who the other Herr Guggenheim is, and my instructions are to ascertain your bona fides here."

"The name of Guggenheim is not an uncommon one," said Monsieur Beautemps, "but you can see our papers. You can search the flat if you will."

As he spoke Beautemps' eyes caught Dick's, and in them there was a look not of fright but of resignation, as much as to say, "It's all up! We're done!"

"Very good, Herr Guggenheim," said the tall young man. "It may be, as you say, only a coincidence—a Guggenheim here and a Guggenheim found dead. And these two gentleman and this old lady?"

"American subjects," put in Dick quickly. "John Hooston and Mrs Hooston, his mother."

Dick remembered that Hooston was the name which Beautemps had given to Ellice, and John was his own choice—the first that occurred to him.

"I speak enough German to be able to understand you, sir," went on Dick, "and if you have any doubt as to my identity and that of my mother I can refer you to the American Embassy."

That was bluff. Dick knew this man who was cross-examining them: he had seen the wink. But here he was in the position of secret service agent or plain clothes policeman, and Dick wasn't going to wink back. He wasn't going to give himself away. Of course, if application was made at the American Embassy, the game would be blown. Dick had meant to try and see young Garton, his acquaintance there, and beg, borrow, steal a couple of passports, which would serve as a protection for himself and Ellice. If this strange visitor had him detained while inquiry was made at the Embassy, well—Dick mentally shrugged his shoulders and thought of Ellice.

"Very good, sir. The word of an American citizen is always taken here in Germany," said the young man bowing.

"You," he turned to his two assistants, "wait outside in the passage. Anyone who enters the flat detain, and see that no one leaves. I have questions to ask these people."

The two men—just simply browbeaten, over-disciplined automatons—saluted and left the room, and when they had gone the tall, good-looking young man smiled as he looked at Dick.

"It's Mr Dick Carrick, I know," he said, speaking in very fair English. "I know you even with that yellow hair. I've heard all about you since you came to Berlin. You had some dealings with Herr Baumeister, hadn't you?"

"I have already told you, sir," replied Dick, "that my name is Hooston." Dick was taking no chances.

"All right, if you won't trust me I can't help it. But if I told you that I came here to look for Miss Ellice Remington and to help her if I could perhaps you'd open up a little to me then. Would you? Quick, for I've no time to waste; I have to get back to Baumeister to make my report. No, it's all right, my friend; don't you worry! Shoot if you like, but remember there are two of my men outside in the passage, and the noise will bring them in at once."

The young man had turned calmly to Monsieur Beautemps, who as quick as lightning had pulled the tiny pistol from his pocket and was now holding it on a level with the young man's ribs.

"Pah! it makes no noise," snorted Monsieur Beautemps. "But, there, I needn't go into that now. You either die here and now, sir, or you can withdraw with your men. You wouldn't stand a chance with this little toy of mine, and no more would your two men outside. Say what it is to be."

"Ah, you've given yourself away, Herr Guggenheim," smiled the young man. "But still that doesn't matter. I wish you no harm; in fact, I can do you a good turn. But what I particularly want to know is—where is Miss Ellice Remington?"

"Here she is!" broke in Ellice, pulling herself upright and speaking in English. "I really don't think he means any harm," she went on; "in fact, I'm sure we can trust him."

"Thank you, thank you, Miss Remington," said the young man quietly. "It's nice to be trusted. And I must compliment you on your disguise. It's really wonderful. But now will you persuade your friends and Mr Carrick there that I'm all right? I've never forgotten how kind you were to me when you thought I was what I was not. How I used to appreciate your kind words, your inquiry after my health, at the restaurant, and how pleased I was when I saw you again after I had entered service. I always said to myself that if one day I could repay your kindness I would."

"It's quite right; he is to be trusted," said Ellice. "I don't know what his full name is, and I believe he's a German. But I knew him first of all as Hans, the waiter at the Cafe Regal, where father and I used to go sometimes. He seemed ill, and once or twice he had a nasty cough, and I got father to send him to our doctor, and afterwards he was sent away to the seaside, for the compliment in the restaurant wasn't good for him. And then afterwards, when he was better, he took service with——"

Ellice hesitated, and shivered as if she couldn't bear to mention the name.

"Oh, that's all right then!" broke in Dick. "If Miss Remington says you're to be trusted, why, you are. Glad to see you once more, Hans."

Dick held out his hand to Hans—the tall, good-looking young foreigner who had been in Gaylor's service in London as valet.

The Mystery Man.

"I've been in the German Secret Service ever since I was quite a youngster," explained Hans when Monsieur and Madame Beautemps had been persuaded that he was to be trusted. "I was bred and brought up in Germany; that accounts for my accent. I'm not English. No, I'm of Italian-German parents.

"I was caught young as a spy—almost as soon as I had left school and was going to be a waiter. It was as a spy that I came to England as a waiter, and it was there," he paused for a moment, "that I learned to love England, to know that it was the one country in the world where there was true freedom. It was as a spy—to spy on a spy—that I went to Mr Gaylor, in order to see that he was doing his work properly for us. He was; he was doing it well, but he was using it also for his own ends. I saw all his papers; I saw that he was swindling your father, Miss Remington, and I grew to hate him. And I grew to hate my work too—to hate the work that I was doing against Britain—and I meant to give it up; to work no more against the country that I loved, and then there came the war, and I was sent back here as a German subject.

"Yes, I suppose I am a German subject in law, but not at heart. When I got back here I was put to work under Herr Baumeister, and it was only to-day that I learnt of the doings of a gentleman who called himself The Stupid Englishman. It may interest you to know, Mr Carrick, that Herr Baumeister is nearly off his head. You see, we work in departments; one Secret Service man doesn't know what the next one is doing. Only to-day did I hear of the escape of Miss Remington and that quite by chance, and little did I think when 'the Guggenheim affair was put into my hands that I should meet her and also Mr Dick Carrick. It is indeed luck.

"It's all right, that Guggenheim business," he went on, turning to Monsieur and Madame Beautemps. "You're not the original Herr and Frau Guggenheim, of course, and I should advise you to take some other name if you're going to stop here. My training assures me that the death of the original Herr Guggenheim would sooner or later be traced to this flat, and I think I could lay my hands on the person who fired the shot that killed him, for it was a bullet that killed him.

"And now every Guggenheim in Berlin is being examined, including Frau Guggenheim, who has been arrested for having no papers of identification. You see how serious it is. I suppose you know all about it?"

"Yes," replied Monsieur Beautemps quietly, "I shot him with this little pistol here, the one with which I threatened you just now. It's about the only one of its kind in the world, I should imagine. It's noiseless, and the bullet is discharged by compressed air. It's the invention of a French friend of mine. I can shoot anybody fifty, sixty, seventy yards away without there being the slightest noise, and even now," he leant forward and Dick saw the little Frenchman's teeth bare, glittering, grim, "if I see the slightest cause for suspicion I shall drop you dead where you sit, and the two men outside as well. We're not playing with lives here, you know, we're playing for them."

"Yes, I know, I know," said the man, whom we must now call Hans. "You're quite right. But I'll just prove to you that I can be trusted. I can make it all right for you," he turned to Dick and bowed slightly to Miss Remington. "Mrs Hooston and her son, American citizens, will be easily able to leave Berlin. But you'd better get another disguise, Mr Carrick. Baumeister's got a brain like a photographic camera, and he's got every detail of you down. He swears he'll have you yet, and that when he does he'll shoot you.

"Now, I'm going to put my life into your hands—yes, and into yours," he turned to Monsieur and Madame Beautemps, "In all this secret service work I am working for Great Britain. My reports are going, or rather have been going, from here daily. I thing I've been doing useful work. But now—now——"

He stopped for a moment.

"But now what, Hans?" asked Ellice.

"Now it's difficult to get those reports away out of the country. I daren't send them through the post, of course, and my mes. senger was caught and shot only a week ago. My notes fortunately were in a disguised handwriting, and in cipher, but they were read, of course—our people can read anything—and my poor chap was shot. And I could do so much, so much! So many people I could help; I could tell so many of their people where they are."

"Well, don't worry about that," said Dick quickly. "I'll take your notes through."

"By jove—that's an English expression, isn't it?" laughed Hans—"I believe you'd do it! But now I really must be going. I may have news and notes for you any time, and I shall see that you get them unsuspected."

Hans rose, called in his two men and gave them their instructions.

"You'll return and report that everything is in order," he said. "That's all."

"Poor, dunder-headed things," said Hans. "They'll just take back the report that everything's in order, that's all; they don't know what they've been doing any more than this chair. At the office they'll understand that I've found nothing suspicious in the apartments of Herr and Frau Guggenheim. That was the errand on which I was sent." (Of course, a person in Berlin is registered with the police, especially in war time.) "But I think," he added, "Herr and Frau Guggenheim had better disappear from these apartments and reappear as somebody else in another part of the city. I can manage the papers for you and all that sort of thing, for out of Berlin you must get as soon as possible, and that, I don't think, can be managed under a week. Keep in touch with Mr Carrick, or rather with Mr John Hooston, and I'll keep in touch with him through the American Embassy, and then we shall know all about each other. Now I must go. Goodbye."

"Just a Little Fun."

"Fancy Hans turning up like that!" said Ellice when the mystery man had gone. "How nice a waiter he was as valet to Mr Gaylor! And somehow in his plain clothes he seems so stately. And he speaks so much better than he used to do when he was a waiter. He seems quite a polished man now."

"Yes," said Dick; "I can't help thinking there's something behind Master Hans. I suppose we can trust him, and yet—well, one has to be very careful. Now, Beautemps, I want you to change me a bit, if you will. I'm going still to be an American, Mr John Hooston——"

"Ah, the telephone, the telephone!" interrupted Monsieur Beautemps. "We are in request this afternoon."

Back from the telephone returned Monsieur Beautemps in a few seconds.

"That man, that young Hans, was all right," he said. "He's just rung me up to put us on our guard. On his way back to his headquarters he met one of his brother agents, who is on his way here now with four men to arrest Herr and Frau Guggenheim. Friend Hans told them that he had been here, and tried to assure them that everything was all right; but no, the orders are now the arrest of the two Guggenheims. Hans thinks they must suspect something, and he has warned me—all of us—to escape while there is still time. An agent and four men! Ah, that is good!"

Monsieur Beautemps smiled, but there was something very forbidding in that smile, and after it he seemed to lick his lips as if in anticipation.

"One agent and four men!" he repeated. "Five men! That is good, that is good! Five secret service men coming up here. Ah, how I shall laugh! Ma cherie," he turned to his wife, "there are important things now about to happen. Will you take mademoiselle into another room? This is business for men only."

"No; I'm going to stop with you," said Madame Beautemps firmly.

"You won't, you won't," insisted Monsieur Beautemps. "I do not command, I do not order, I simply say, 'Juliette, there are things going to happen that women should not see. Will you kindly retire with mademoiselle?"

"You'll go, dear one, won't you; you'll go into another room?" said Dick, moving towards Ellice. "You bet we're not going to let you be taken away, so there may be trouble. You understand?"

"No, no," broke in Monsieur Beautemps; "there will be no trouble; no trouble at all. It will be all quite simple. There will be no noise, no disturbance, but it will not be a sight for women. Ah, there is a knock at the door. The play commences, but," he whispered to Dick, "it will be a tragedy, and there will be only one act. Now, light of my life, you and the pretty mademoiselle to the next room, if you please!"

Madame Beautemps kissed her husband, Dick took Ellice in his arms for a second, and then when they had left he turned to Monsieur Beautemps.

"What are you going to do?" he asked

"There's another knock at the door! These men are getting impatient—if it is they."

"Oh, we'll just have a little fun with the sausages, just a little fun. Come, my gay Dick, come with me and we will open to them."

Dick followed the little Frenchman to the front door of the flat, not exactly liking the situation. There were five men outside there evidently; inside there were only two men and two women.

Monsieur Beautemps opened the door, and instantly an officer with four men entered the room.

"Excellent! Excellent!" said the leader in German. "Not only do we find Herr Guggenheim at home, but also the Englishman who is required by Herr Baumeister, and this time, my little Englishman, I think you're done!"

What is the "surprise packet" which Monsieur Beautemps has in store for the secret service men? You will find remarkable reading in next week's instalment. On no account should you miss it.

GERMAN OCEAN DODGER'S EXPLOITS

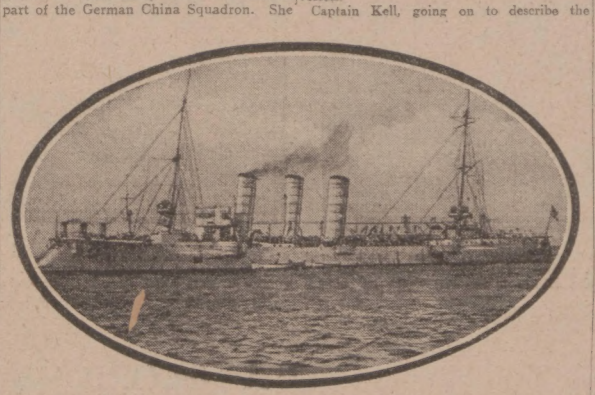
Recall Career of Famous Alabama.

Graphic Description of Privateer's Final Encounter.

THE Alabama of the present war is the best description made of the German cruiser Emden, which has been operating in the waters of the Orient with so much success that she has roused the admiration even of her enemies, who are none the less eager for a hand-to-hand encounter with her.

The Emden has already captured nineteen British vessels, and has made many rich hauls. Her latest exploit in disguising herself with a dummy funnel was, unfortunately from our point of view, completely successful, but it was a clever and daring ruse, and Britishers are sportsmen enough to admit that it was a device which deserved success.

Commanded by Captain von Muller, who has had a British training, the Emden is a ship of 3600 tons. She steamed 24 knots on trial, and carries a battery of 12 4-inch guns. On the eve of war she was stationed at Kiao-Chao, where she formed part of the German China Squadron. She



The German Cruiser Emden.

made her escape early in August, and though it was reported that she had fought the Russian cruiser Askold and sunk with her that report some weeks later proved to be pitifully at fault.

Nothing was heard of her until she suddenly appeared in the Bay of Bengal, and commenced her destructive career. Like her sister cruiser, the Karlsruhe, in the Atlantic, she assumes all kinds of disguises, and is apparently not particular what country's flag she sails under. Her officers and crew have invariably treated their prisoners with every courtesy.

Those who have followed the history of the sea and the doings of privateers are reminded by the Emden of the feats performed by the Alabama in the American Civil War. The Alabama, having no port of her own, but securing aid from British vessels, managed to wreak considerable damage on the shipping of the United States for the twenty-two months of her career as a privateer. Like the Alabama, the Emden is taking provisions and coal from her prizes and whatever supplies she needs. It prizes hold out, and she is able to continue dodging British cruisers, she can do immense damage to our shipping.

Alabama a Pygmy in Comparison.

In comparison with the size of the Emden the Alabama was a pygmy. She was a boat of 1040 tons, 210 feet long, 300 horse-power, and stowage for only 350 tons of coal. She had a speed under steam alone of 12 knots, but had sails to help this when the wind was favourable.

With this knowledge to help him Captain Semmes decided to attack the fleet of transports when it was anchored in the open roadstead before Galveston. Instead of the transports the Alabama discovered five vessels of war anchored there. One of them stood out to investigate the Alabama. The privateer drew it away from the rest of the fleet, and about dark engaged with her, and in thirteen minutes had sunk the Hatteras, a United States war vessel.

After this encounter the Alabama cruised in the South Atlantic, picking up prizes wherever they could be found, and sinking many vessels flying the United States flag. After a few weeks there the privateer passed over to the Cape of Good Hope and spent much of the time dodging the United States steamer Vanderbilt, which was on its track. The Alabama, to shake off its pursuer, held its course for the Orient, and continued its operations in the China Sea, where it was least expected. In a few weeks she cleared the Eastern seas of United States merchant vessels.

Captain Kell, going on to describe the Alabama's last fight with the United States warship Kearsarge, writes:—

"We now set our course for Europe, and on the 11th day of June, 1864, entered the port of Cherbourg, and at once applied for permission to go into dock. There being none but national docks, the Emperor of France had first to be communicated with before permission could be granted, and he was absent from Paris.

"It was during this interval of waiting, on the third day after our arrival, that the Kearsarge steamed into the harbour for the purpose, as we learned, of taking on board the prisoners we had landed from our last two prizes. Captain Semmes, however, objected to this on the ground that the Kearsarge was adding to her crew in a neutral port. The authorities conceding this objection valid, the Kearsarge steamed out of the harbour without anchoring.

The Alabama Challenges a Fight.

"Captain Semmes communicated through our agent to the United States Consul that if Captain Winslow would wait outside of the harbour he would fight him as soon as we could coal ship. I at once proceeded to get everything snug for action, and by Saturday night we had finished taking in coal, and had scrubbed the decks. I reported to Captain Semmes that the ship was ready for battle.

"The next morning, Sunday, June 19, between the hours of nine and ten o'clock, we weighed anchor and stood out of the western entrance of the harbour, the French ironclad frigate Couronne follow-

The Fight Between the Alabama and the Kearsarge Off Cherbourg.

ing us. The day was bright and beautiful, with a light breeze blowing. Our men were neatly dressed, and our officers in full uniform.

"The report of our going out to fight the Kearsarge had been circulated, and many persons from Paris and the surrounding country had come down to witness the engagement. They, with a large number of the inhabitants of Cherbourg, collected on every prominent point of the shore that would afford a view seaward. As we rounded the breakwater we discovered the Kearsarge about seven miles to the northward and eastward. We immediately shaped our course for her, called all hands to quarters, and cast loose the starboard battery.

"In about forty-five minutes we were somewhat over a mile from the Kearsarge, when she headed for us, presenting her starboard bow. At a distance of a mile we commenced the action with our 100-pounder pivot gun from our starboard bow. Both ships were now approaching each other at high speed, and soon the action became general with broadside batteries at a distance of about 500 yards. To prevent passing, each ship used a strong port helm. Thus the action was fought around a common centre, gradually drawing in the circle.

Alabama Gets the Worst of It.

"After using solid shot for some time we alternated shell and shot. The enemy's 11-inch shells were now doing severe execution upon our quarter-deck section. Three of them successively entered our 8-inch pivot gun port; the first swept off the forward part of the gun's crew; the second killed one man and wounded several others; and the third struck the breast of the gun carriage, and spun around on the deck, till one of the men picked it up and threw it overboard. Our decks were now covered with the dead and the wounded, and the ship was careening heavily to starboard from the effects of the shot-holes on her water-line.

"Captain Semmes ordered me to be ready to make all sail possible when the circuit of fight should put our head to the coast of France; then he would notify me at the same time to pivot to port and continue the action with the port battery, hoping thus to right the ship and enable us to reach the coast of France.

"This evolution exposed us to a raking fire, but, strange to say, the Kearsarge did not take advantage of it. The port side of the quarter-deck was so encumbered with the mangled trunks of the dead that I had to have them thrown overboard in order to fight the after pivot gun. I abandoned the after 32-pounder, and transferred the men to fill up the vacancies to the pivot gun under the charge of young Midshipman Anderson, who in the midst of the carnage filled his place like a veteran.

Colours are Hauled Down.

"At this moment the chief engineer came on deck and reported the fires put out, and that he could no longer work the engines. Captain Semmes said to me, 'Go below, sir, and see how long the ship can float.' As I entered the wardroom the sight was indeed appalling. There stood Assistant-Surgeon Llewellyn at his post, but the table and the patient upon it were swept away from him by an 11-inch shell, which opened in the side of the ship an aperture that was fast filling the ship with water.

"It took me but a moment to return to the deck and report to the captain that 'we could not float ten minutes.' He replied to me, 'Then, sir, cease firing, shorten sail, and haul down the colours; it will never do in this nineteenth century for us to go down and the decks covered with our gallant wounded.'

"I now gave the order for 'every man to jump overboard with a spar and save himself from the sinking ship.' To enforce the order I walked forward and urged the men overboard. As soon as the decks were cleared, save of the bodies of the dead, I returned to the stern port, where stood Captain Semmes with one or two of the men and his faithful steward, who, poor fellow, was doomed to a watery grave, as he could not swim. The Alabama's stern port was now almost to the water's edge. Partly undressing, we plunged into the sea, and made an offing from the sinking ship. Captain Semmes with a life-preserver and I on a grating.

"The Alabama settled stern foremost, launching her bows high in the air. Graceful even in her death-struggle, she in a moment disappeared from the face of the waters.

"After twenty minutes or more I heard near me someone call out, 'There is our first lieutenant,' and the next moment I was pulled into a boat, in which was Captain Semmes, stretched out in the stern sheets as pallid as death. He had received during the action a slight contusion on the hand, and the struggle in the water had almost exhausted him. There were also several of our crew in the boat, and in a few moments we were alongside a little steam yacht, which had come among our floating men, and by throwing them ropes saved many lives."

Damage Done by Alabama.

The Alabama in her twenty-two months as a privateer managed to inflict great damage on the shipping of the United States. She drove the shipping of the United States from the seas and did much to reduce the standing of the American merchantmen among foreign shippers.

As a result of the subsequent arbitration at Geneva Great Britain was required to pay nearly three and a quarter millions sterling for the damage done by the ship.

The Emden has already done more damage than the Alabama in the short time she has been cruising in Eastern waters. Will her fate be the same as that of the Alabama when she meets with a British cruiser ready and willing to give battle? Will she become more daring as time goes on, and finally challenge a British cruiser to an engagement? The outcome is problematical, but in any event she will be so badly crippled in any severe battle that her usefulness as a speedy privateer will be gone, and it is almost a certainty that her captain will do his best to keep from giving battle with any of the Allies' cruisers.

TOMMY ATKINS AND HIS RATIONS.

The suffering from hunger which has been experienced by great numbers of German soldiers during the present war points to the breakdown of the boasted German organisation. Many of the Germans have not been provided with emergency rations, which is surprising, inasmuch as the Kaiser's troops are ordinarily supplied with pea sausage—a species of provender so sustaining, and furnishing so much nourishment in small bulk, that the Prussians forty-four years ago declared that without it they could not have endured as they did the fatigues of their rapid campaign against the French.

Of such value is this pea sausage as a war food that an effort was made to utilise it in our army. But Tommy Atkins would have none of it—illustrating the fact that a ration found suitable for the fighting men of one nation is not necessary acceptable to those of another. A war food must be not only wholesome and nutritious, but also palatable, and national tastes in matters gustatory differ.

Our Army also uses a kind of hard bread, which looks somewhat like a dog biscuit, four inches square, and weighing three ounces. It is of whole wheat, compressed—a sort of condensed loaf. For the Russian troops in the field is provided a "war bread," the ingredients of which, as well as the process for making it, are a Government secret. When a piece of it is put into hot water or soup it swells like a sponge, and is said to taste much like fresh bread.

Another item of the British ration is desiccated beef, one ounce of which is equal to five ounces of ordinary meat. It is absolutely water-free, and so hard that the fighting man can hardly cut it with a jackknife. He chops off a small hunk of it, puts it into a little machine resembling a coffee mill, and grinds it up. It comes out in small shavings, which may be eaten on bread or used for soup stock. Two ounces of this beef will make soup for eight soldiers.

Mutton is sup

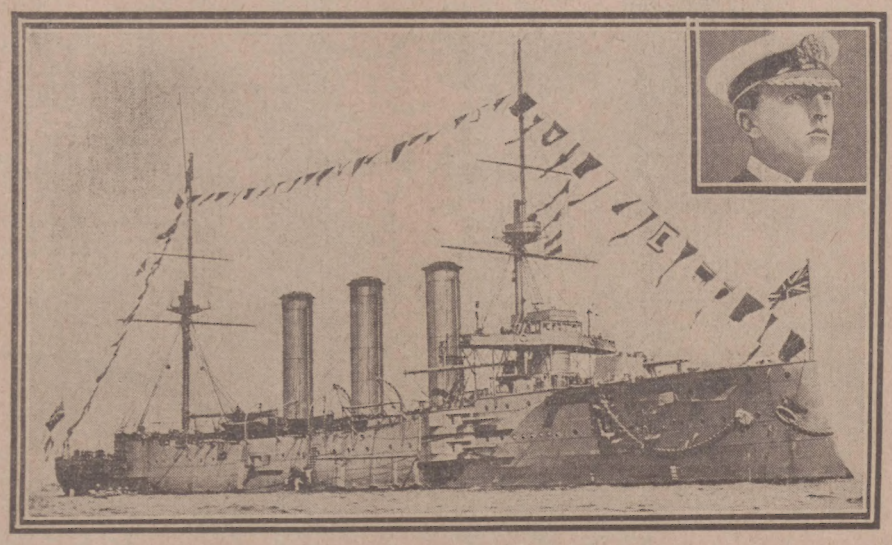
The Post Sunday Special

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1914.

BELGIANS WHO WON'T BUDGE!

Belgian infantry in action near Nieuport, well concealed. They have rendered gallant and conspicuous service in the coast battles. The Belgian Government, it is expected, will shortly be transferred from Havre back to the soil which its soldiers have defended so courageously.

H.M.S. MONMOUTH.



H.M.S. Monmouth, which is believed to have run ashore in an engagement with five German cruisers off the Chilian coast. The Monmouth is an armoured cruiser of 9800 tons, built at Govan, and launched in 1901. She has a speed of 23 knots, and carries fourteen 6-inch guns and eight 3-inch guns. Inset—Commander Spencer D. Forbes. A picture of H.M.S. Good Hope, which took fire and foundered in the same engagement, appears on another page.

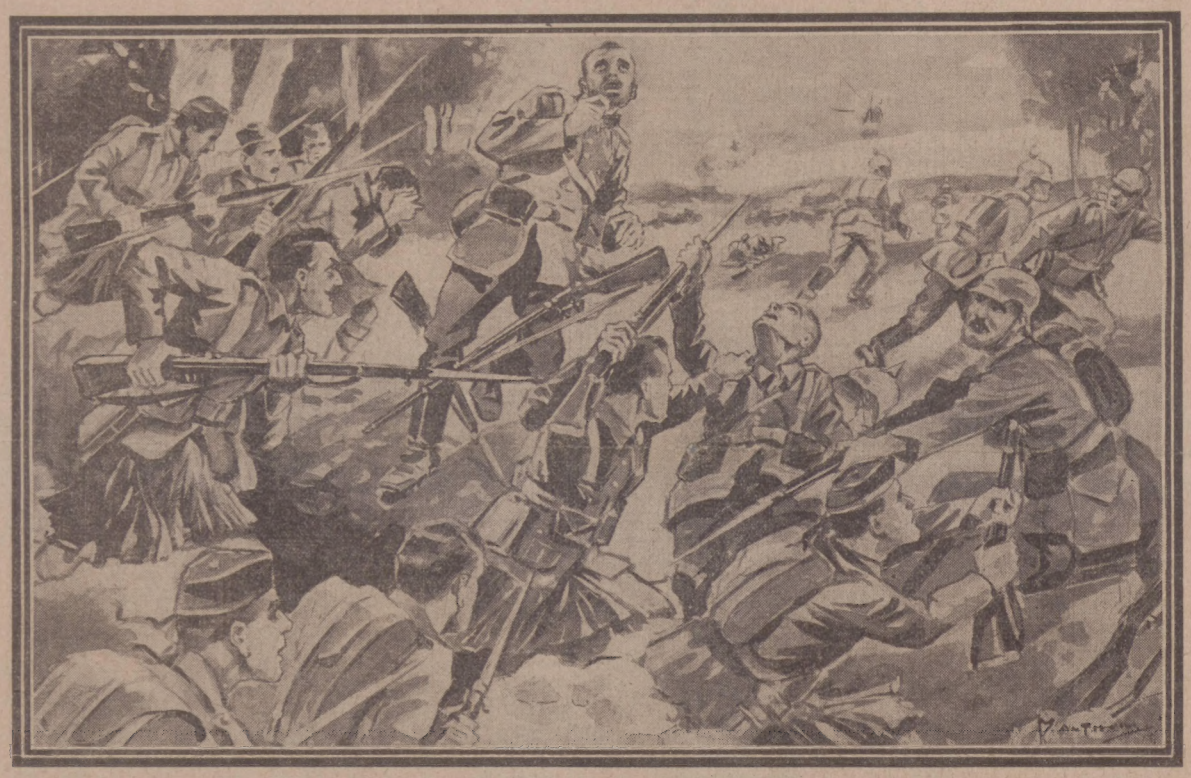
EVEN A TURCO WILL FLIRT!

Furnes, the Belgian town from which centre the great battle in Belgium has been proceeding, although full of soldiers, has its little sidelights, and a flirtation as shown in our picture is not uncommon, to the music of big gun firing in the distance.

TEWFIK'S FAREWELL.

His Highness Tewfik Pasha, the Turkish Ambassador, takes a regretful farewell of the British Foreign Office. He is 71, and is one of the veteran statesmen of the Ottoman Empire. He has worked hard for peace, and has always been well-disposed towards Britain.

"A GLORIOUS LEAD AND EXAMPLE."



"Now, boys, remember we're Scottish." This was the rallying cry of the London Scottish during their glorious charge at Ypres. Into an inferno of shot and shell the Scots advanced to the onslaught. Five times they charged with their red bayonets into the German hordes—five times until the day was won! "You have given a glorious lead and example to all Territorial corps fighting in France," was Sir John French's warm congratulation.

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

Admiral Sir Percy Scott's return to active duty is undoubtedly connected with the gunnery of the navy. Sir Percy, who is 61, has seen a lot of hard fighting in his day. The accuracy of his gunners was always his first consideration. He is the inventor of various appliances for improving heavy gun shooting, and he also invented the gun carriages which enabled 6-inch and 4.7-inch guns to be used in South Africa.

THE ZEPPELIN SHOOTING SEASON.

LEADER OF THE LONDON SCOTS.

Our picture is that of Colonel Malcolm, the gallant commander of the London Scottish. The Colonel is highly popular with all ranks of what Sir John French has described as "your splendid regiment."

A Cossack patrol in a wood near Warsaw has brought down a Zeppelin, which was flying fairly low. The crew of the Zeppelin were unhurt, and the ship and crew were taken to Warsaw.

BETTER THAN THE IRON CROSS!

His Majesty the King of the Belgians congratulating the Commander of the 7th Regiment of France on his command. The King decorated the officers and the regiment with the Order of Leopold.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.